

# PASTIMES AT HOME



AND

SCHOOL

COMP

Minnie H. Hayward

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IN STORYLAND.

PASTIMES  
AT HOME AND  
SCHOOL

A PRACTICAL MANUAL

... OF ...

DELSARTE EXERCISES AND ELOCUTION

CONTAINING

*INSTRUCTIONS FOR THE CULTIVATION AND  
PRESERVATION OF THE VOICE  
AND USE OF GESTURES,*

TOGETHER WITH

CHOICE SELECTIONS FOR READINGS  
AND RECITATIONS.

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1897



## DELSARTE EXERCISES.

Music, to secure perfect unison in action, is a great help in Delsarte exercises. In a simpler form of exercise with a number of pupils together, they should stand in rows at such distance apart that no movements of one would interfere with the other. The swaying movement of the body followed by what is known as the feather movements, varied, according to the judgment of the teacher, should be accompanied by an air of the proper measures to assist the work as much as possible.

The illustrations following assist in the explanation of class work. Suppose some passages or recitations be chosen, allowing it for simple and effective gesture, as for instance: He was as a giant (1) who sometimes proved a dwarf (2). As a race horse (3) faltering suddenly (4). As a blazing opal (5) defaced by a seam (6). As a noble face (7) marred by disease (8). The transitions should each be made, of course, during one bar of music, and the gesture sustained during a bar.

Another admirable exercise consists in grouping the pupils, with one exception, on either side of the stage, while one remaining in the center makes a series of poses, then joins one of the groups while another takes her place. Here the attitudes are much longer sustained. The figures given in the appended illustrations show the attitudes for different emotions represented. This combined stage performance is very effective, and is most beneficial to the pupil.

The costumes for such exercises should be of the classical order, as those represented in the illustrations. They are inexpensive, and their graceful outline with the freedom of movement they allow, make them most suitable for this class of work.

"He was as a giant"



"Who sometimes proved  
a dwarf."





"As a race-horse



faltering suddenly."



"As a blazing opal



defaced by a seam."



"As a noble face



marred by disease."

The Attack.



HORROR



FLIGHT

Surprise



Laughter



Salutation







*Remorse**Submission**Dental*

Discovery



Mourning



Supplication





IMPUDENCE





The Appeal

# PASTIMES

AT HOME AND

SCHOOL

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## PART I.

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### NOTHING LIKE TRYING.

 LIFE, after all, is a kindly affair,  
Why is it stupid and not worth the living?  
Striving and getting won't drive away care,  
Try giving.

Scowling and growling will make a man old;  
Money and fame at the best are beguiling,  
Don't be suspicious, and selfish and cold,  
Try smiling.

Happiness stands like a maid at your gate,  
Why should you think you will find her by roving?  
Never was greater mistake than to hate;  
Try loving.

### DEW DIAMONDS.

A million little diamonds twinkled on the trees,  
And all that the little maidens said, "A jewel if  
you please?"

But while they held their hands outstretched,  
 To catch the diamonds gay,  
 A million little sunbeams came  
 And stole them all away.

### THE DUCKS.

One little black duck, one little gray,  
 Six little white ducks running out to play ;  
 One white lady duck, motherly and trim,  
 Eight little baby ducks bound for a swim.  
 One little white duck running from the water,  
 One very fat duck, pretty little daughter,  
 One very grave duck, swimming off alone,  
 One little white duck, standing on a stone.  
 One little lady duck, motherly and trim,  
 Eight little baby ducks bound for a swim.  
 One lazy black duck, taking quite a nap,  
 One precious little duck, on mamma's lap.

### "YOU CAN'T COME IN SIR."

If you would not be a drunkard  
 You must not drink a drop,  
 For if you never should begin  
 You'll never have to stop.  
 The taste for drink, good people say,  
 Is hard in driving out ;  
 My friends, in letting in that taste,  
 Why, what are you about ?

Out of your house to keep a thief  
 You shut your door, and lock it,  
 And hang the key upon a nail,  
 Or put it in your pocket.  
 So, lest king appetite within

His horrid rule begin, sir,  
Just shut your lips, and lock them tight,  
And say, "You can't come in, Sir."

### OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!



#### LONGFELLOW'S FIRST POEM.

When Mr. Longfellow was nine years old his teacher compelled him to write one of those hateful things called "compositions." He "dropped into poetry," and turned out the following, entitled "Mr. Finney's Turnip."

Mr. Finney had a turnip,  
And it grew behind the barn;  
And it grew, and it grew,  
And the turnip did no harm.

And it grew, and it grew,  
Till it could grow no taller;  
Then Mr. Finney took it up  
And put it in the cellar.

There it lay, there it lay,  
Till it began to rot.  
When his daughter Susie washed it  
And put it in the pot.

Then she boiled it, and boiled it,  
As long as she was able;  
Then his daughter Lizzie took it  
And put it on the table.

Mr. Finney and his wife,  
Both sat down to sup;  
And they ate, and they ate,  
Until they ate the turnip up.

t

ow  
reap

Scold you when you look for eggs?  
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a  
row?

Do the pigs in concert squeal,  
When you bring their evening meal?  
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.

But while they held their hands outstretched,  
 To catch the diamonds gay,  
 A million little sunbeams came  
 And stole them all away.

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 Or put it in your pocket.  
 So, lest king appetite within

His horrid rule begin, sir,  
Just shut your lips, and lock them tight,  
And say, "You can't come in, Sir."

### OLD SHOES.

How much a man is like old shoes!  
For instance, both a sole may lose,  
Both have been tanned, both are made tight  
By cobblers; both get left and right.  
Both need a mate to be complete,  
And both are made to go on feet;  
They both need heeling, both are sold,  
And both in time are turned to mold.  
With shoes the last is first, with men  
The first shall be the last; and when  
The shoes wear out, they're mended new,  
When men wear out, they're men-dead, too.  
They both are trod upon, and both  
Will tread on others, nothing loth,  
Both have their ties, and both incline  
When polished, in the world to shine;  
And both peg out. Now would you choose  
To be a man, or be his shoes?

### BOYS.

Sturdy little farmer boys, tell me how you know  
When 'tis time to plow the fields, and to reap  
and mow.  
Do the hens with yellow legs  
Scold you when you look for eggs?  
Do you drive the ducks to drink, waddling in a  
row?  
Do the pigs in concert squeal,  
When you bring their evening meal?  
Tell me, little farmer boy, for I'd like to know.

Nimble little sailor boy, tell me how you know  
How to navigate your ship when the tempests  
blow.

Do you find it pretty hard  
Clinging to the top-sail yard?  
Don't you fear some stormy day overboard you'll  
go?

Do they let you take a light  
When you go aloft at night?  
Tell me little sailor boy, for I'd like to know.

Little boys, of every kind, tell me how you know  
That 'tis time ere school begins, rather ill to grow,  
Does the pain increase so fast  
It is terrible at last?

Don't you quickly convalesce, when too late to  
go?

Do you think I am a dunce?  
Wasn't I a school boy once?  
Tell me all you little boys, for I'd like to know.

### KEEP TRYING.

If a boy should get discouraged  
At lessons or at work,  
And say "There's no use trying,"  
And all hard tasks should shirk,  
And keep on shirking, shirking,  
Till the boy became a man,  
I wonder what the world would do  
To carry out its plan?

The coward in the conflict  
Gives up at first defeat;  
If once repulsed, his courage  
Lies shattered at his feet.

The brave heart wins the battle,  
 Because through thick and thin  
 He'll not give up as conquered,  
 He fights, and fights to win.

So boys don't get discouraged  
 Because at first you fail;  
 If you but keep on trying,  
 At last, you will avail.  
 Be stubborn against failure,  
 Try, try, and try again;  
 The boys who kept on trying,  
 Have made the world's best men.

### CRACKED.

'Twas a set of resolutions, as fine as fine could be,  
 And signed in painstaking fashion, by Nettie, and  
                   Joe and Bee.  
 And last in the list was written, in letters broad  
                   and dark,  
 To look as grand as the others, Miss Baby Grace,  
                   her mark.

"We'll try always to help our mother;  
 We won't be selfish to each other;  
 We'll say kind words to every one,  
 We won't tie pussy's feet for fun,  
 We won't be cross and snarly too,  
 And all the good we can, we'll do."

"It's just as easy to keep them," the children  
                   gladly cried.

But mamma smiled, as she answered, "Wait dar-  
                   lings, until you have tried."

And truly the glad New Year, wasn't his birthday  
                   old,

When three little sorrowful faces, a sorrowful  
                   story told.

"And how are your good resolutions?" we asked  
     of Baby Grace,  
 Who stood with a smile of wonder, on her dear  
     little dimpled face;  
 Quick came the merry answer, she never an in-  
     stant lacked,  
 "I don't fink much of 'ems broken;  
 But I dess 'ems about all cracked."

### BABY HAS GONE TO SCHOOL.

The baby has gone to school; ah, me!  
     What will the mother do,  
 With never a call to button or pin,  
     Or tie a little shoe?  
 How can she keep herself busy all day  
     With the little hindering thing away?

Another basket to fill with lunch,  
     Another "good-bye" to say,  
 And the mother stands at the door to see  
     Her baby march away,  
 And turns with a sigh, that is half relief,  
     And half a something akin to grief.

She thinks of a possible future morn,  
     When the children, one by one,  
 Will go from their home out in the world  
     To battle with life alone,  
 And not even the baby left to cheer  
     The desolate home of that future year.

She picks up garments here and there,  
     Thrown down in careless haste,  
 And tries to think how it would seem  
     If nothing were displaced.

If the house were always as still as this,  
How could she bear the loneliness?

## QUESTIONS.

BY WM. M. GIFFIN, N. J.

(Only geographical answers to be given.)

What has a mouth but cannot bite?  
What has an arm but cannot write?  
What has a foot but cannot walk?  
What has a head but cannot talk?  
What has a bank with no money in?  
What has a top that cannot spin?  
What has a neck but has no head?  
What never sleeps but has a bed?  
What hook will never catch a fish?  
What has a basin but not a dish?  
Where are the locks keys do not turn?  
Where are the capes that are not worn?  
What has a branch but has no leaves?  
What has no locks but has some keys?  
What always falls but gets no scratches?  
What is the ball that no one catches?  
What is quite long but is not tall?  
What has a base but plays no ball?  
What are the poles that nobody climbs?  
Where are the boys to answer these rhymes?

## LITTLE KITTY.

Once there was a little kitty,  
Whiter than snow;  
In the barn she used to frolic,  
Long time ago.

In the barn a little mousie  
 Ran to and fro;  
 For she heard the kitty coming,  
 Long time ago.

Two eyes had little kitty,  
 Black as a sloe;  
 And they spied the little mousie,  
 Long time ago.

Nine teeth had little kitty,  
 All in a row;  
 And they bit the little mousie,  
 Long time ago.

When the teeth bit little mousie,  
 Little mousie cried, "Oh!"  
 But she got away from kitty,  
 Long time ago.

Kitty White so shyly comes,  
 To catch the mousie Grey;  
 But mousie hears her softly step,  
 And quickly runs away.

—*Songs and Rhymes for Little Ones.*

### HOW THE FLOWERS GROW.

First a seed so tiny, hidden from the sight,  
 Then two pretty leaflets, struggling toward the  
 light,  
 Soon a bud appearing, turns into a flower,  
 Kissed by golden sunshine, washed by silver  
 shower,  
 Growing sweeter, sweeter, every happy hour;  
 Kissed by golden sunshine, washed by silvery  
 shower.

## TIME ENOUGH.

Two little squirrels, out in the sun,—  
 One gathered nuts ; the other had none ;  
 "Time enough yet," his constant refrain,  
 "Summer is still just on the wane."

Listen, my child, while I tell you his fate :  
 He roused him at last, but he roused him too  
     late ;  
 Down fell the snow from a pitiless cloud,  
 And gave little squirrel a spotless white shroud.

Two little boys in a schoolroom were placed :  
 One always perfect, the other disgraced ;  
 "Time enough yet for learning," he said,  
 "I will climb by and by, from the foot to the  
     head."

Listen, my friends ; their locks are turned gray ;  
 One, as a governor, sitteth to-day,  
 The other, a pauper, looks out at the door  
 Of the almshouse, and idles his days, as of yore.

Two kinds of people we meet every day ;  
 One is at work, the other at play.  
 Living, uncared for, dying unknown,  
 The busiest hive hath ever a drone.

## THE CONCEITED GRASSHOPPER.

There was a little grasshopper  
     Forever on the jump ;  
 And as he never looked ahead,  
     He often got a bump.

His mother said to him one day,  
     As they were in the stubble,

"If you don't look before you leap  
You'll get yourself in trouble."

The silly little grasshopper  
Despised his wise old mother,  
And said he knew what best to do,  
And bade her not to bother.

He hurried off across the fields—  
An unknown path he took—  
When, oh! he gave a heedless jump,  
And landed in a brook.

He struggled hard to reach the bank—  
A floating straw he seizes  
When quick a hungry trout darts out,  
And tears him all to pieces.

\* \* \* \* \*

Good little boys and girls heed well  
Your mother's wise advice;  
Before you move, look carefully,  
Before you speak, think twice.

### FROGS AT SCHOOL.

Twenty froggies went to school  
Down beside a rushy pool—

Twenty little coats of green,  
Twenty vests all white and clean.

Master Bullfrog, on a log,  
Taught them how to say, "Ker-chog!"

Taught them how to nobly strive,  
Likewise how to leap and dive.

Showed them how to dodge a blow  
From the sticks that bad boys throw.

Twenty froggies grew up fast,  
Bullfrogs they became at last.

Not one lesson they forgot,  
Not one dunce among the lot.

Now they sit on other logs,  
Teaching other little frogs.

### A SCHOLAR.

Yes, I am five years old to-day !  
Last week I put my dolls away ;  
For it was time, I'm sure you'll say,  
For one so old to go  
To school, and learn to read and spell ;  
And I am doing *very* well ;  
Perhaps you'd like to hear me tell  
How many things I know.

Well, if you'll only take a look—  
Yes, this is it—the last I took,  
Here in my pretty picture-book,  
Just near the purple cover ;—  
Now listen—Here are one, two, three  
Wee little letters, don't you see ?  
Their names are D and O and G ;  
They spell—now guess !—*Old Rover!*  
—*St. Nicholas.*

### NEVER OUT OF SIGHT.

There is a little saying  
Which you'll find is always true,

My little boy, my little girl—  
 A saying that's for you ;  
 'Tis this, my darling little one,  
 With eyes so clear and bright :  
 "No child in all this careless world  
 Is ever out of sight."

No matter whether field or glen,  
 Or city's crowded way,  
 Or pleasure's laugh, or labor's hum,  
 Entice your feet to stray ;  
 Some one is always watching you !  
 And, whether wrong or right,  
 No child in all this busy world  
 Is ever out of sight.

Some one is always watching you,  
 And marking all you do,  
 To see if all your childhood's acts  
 Are honest, brave and true ;  
 And watchers of the heavenly world,  
 God's angels, pure and white,  
 In joy or sorrow at your course,  
 Are keeping out of sight.

Bear this in mind, my little one,  
 And let your aim be high ;  
 You do whatever you may do  
 Beneath some seeing eye.  
 Remember this, my darling one,  
 And keep your good name bright,  
 No child who lives upon the earth  
 Is ever out of sight.

### WHAT MAKES A MAN?

"A truthful soul, a loving mind,  
 Full of affection for its kind ;

A spirit firm, erect, and free,  
 That never basely bends a knee ;  
 That will not bend a feather's weight  
 Of slavery's chance for small or great ;  
 That truly speaks from God within,  
 That never makes a league with sin.  
 That snaps the fetters despots make,  
 And loves the truth for its own sake.  
 That worships God, and him alone ;  
 And bows no more than at his throne.  
 And trembles at no tyrant's nod,  
 A soul that fears no one but God.  
 And thus can smile at curse or ban,  
 This is the soul that makes a man."

## THE WIND.

WORDSWORTH.

What way does the Wind come? What way does  
     he go?

He rides over the water and over the snow,  
 He tosses about in every bare tree,  
 As if you look up, you plainly may see ;  
 But how he will come, and whither he goes,  
 There's never a scholar in England that knows.

He will suddenly stop in a cunning nook  
 And ring a sharp 'larum;—but if you should look,  
 There's nothing to see but a cushion of snow,  
 Round as a pillow, and whiter than milk,  
 And softer than if it were covered with silk ;  
 Sometimes he'll hide in the cave of a rock,  
 Then whistle as shrill as the buzzard cock ;  
 Yet seek him,—and what shall you find in the  
     place?

Nothing but silence and empty space;  
 Save, in a corner, a heap of dry leaves,  
 That he's left for a bed to beggars and thieves.

As soon as 'tis daylight to-morrow, with me  
 You shall go to the orchard, and then you will see  
 That he has been there, and made a great rout,  
 And crackled the branches and strewn them about.

Hark! over the roof he makes a pause,  
 And growls as if he would fix his claws  
 Right into the slates, and with a huge scattle  
 Drive them down, like men in a battle,  
 But let him rage round; he does us no harm—  
 We build up the fire, we're snug and we're warm;  
 He may knock at the door,—we'll not let him in;  
 May drive at the windows,—we'll laugh at his din;  
 Let him seek his own home, wherever it be;  
 Here's a cosy warm house for you and for me.

## THE SONG OF THE LITTLE BUILDERS

WM. OLAND BOURNE.

Little builders! build away!  
 Little builders! build to-day!  
 Build a temple pure and bright,  
 Build it up in deeds of light;  
 Lay the corner strong and deep,  
 Where the heart the truth shall keep;  
 Lay it with a builder's care,  
 For the temple resteth there.

If you want an honored name,  
 If you want a spotless fame,  
 Let your words be kind and pure,  
 And your temple shall endure;

Wisdom standeth at the door,  
Come and see her priceless store :  
Virtue gently guides your feet  
Where the good and holy meet.

Set the pillars firm and strong,  
Raise them with the worker's song ;  
Toil is prayer, and toil is praise,  
Keep this worship all your days ;  
Let your life be loving deeds,  
Go and help when sorrow pleads ;  
Let the tear of pity fall  
When you hear the mourner call.

Little builders ! build away !  
There is work for you to-day ;  
Deeds of mercy and of truth,  
Making bright the hours of youth ;  
Work, and pray, and joyous sing,  
Ever fast to virtue cling,  
And a temple so sublime  
Shall outlast the years of time.

### THE THREE LITTLE BUGS.

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly room for two,  
And one was yellow, and one was black,  
And one like me or you—  
The space was small, no doubt for all,  
But what should three bugs do ?

Three little bugs in a basket,  
And hardly crumbs for two,  
And all were selfish in their hearts,  
The same as I or you.  
So the strong ones said, " We'll eat the crumbs,  
And that's what we will do."

Three little bugs in a basket,  
 And the beds but two would hold ;  
 So they all three fell to quarreling,  
 The white, the black, and the gold ;  
 And two of the bugs got under the rugs,  
 And one was out in the cold !

So he that was left in the basket,  
 Without a crumb to chew,  
 Or a thread to wrap himself withal,  
 When the winds across him blew,  
 Pulled one of the rugs from off the bugs,  
 And so the quarrel grew.

And so there were none in the basket—  
 Ah, pity 't is 'tis true !  
 But he that was frozen and starved, at last  
 A strength from his weakness drew,  
 And pulled the rug from both the bugs,  
 And killed and ate them too.

Now, when bugs live in a basket,  
 Though more than it can hold,  
 It seems to me they had better agree,  
 The white, the black, and the gold ;  
 And share what comes of beds and crumbs,  
 And leave no bug in the cold.

—*Songs and Rhymes for the Little Ones.*

### “GRAN'MA AL'US DOES.”

I want to mend my wagon  
 And I has to have some nails,  
 Jus' two free will be plenty,  
 We're going to haul our rails.  
 The splendidest cob fences  
 We're making never was ;

I wis' you'd help us find 'em,  
Gran'ma allus does.

I wants some bread and butter  
I's hungry worstest kind ;  
But Taddie mustn't have none  
Cause she wouldn't mind.  
Put plenty sugar on it  
Tell you what I knows,  
It's right to put on sugar  
Gran'ma allus does.

## HANDS.

MARY K. HANLEY.

I gazed on the hand of an infant,  
Chubby, dimpled, fair,  
Grasping the golden sunbeams,  
Or toying with mamma's hair ;  
And smiled on the tiny creature,  
At the gate of human life ;  
Entering, crowing, laughing,  
On the field of earthly strife.

And saw it, the hand of beauty,  
Decked with gems of gold,  
The hand of a promising maiden  
With her destiny all untold ;  
She meets her king, her lover,  
Yields up her woman's heart,  
And in the old, old play of life,  
Begins her unstudied part.

The play, alas ! proved tragic,  
I saw her poor bent head,  
The widowed, weeping mother,

With all ambition dead.  
 Let the boy she rears to manhood  
 Gaze on her hardened palm,  
 And own the hand of beauty  
 Held never so great a charm.

Go out in the world and struggle  
 That her toil-worn hand may rest,  
 Crown her with a lifelong love,  
 The purest and the best;  
 And should her second childhood  
 Come to her weary heart,  
 Let her grasp again the sunbeams  
 That from affection dart.

#### SEVEN POINTS FOR BOYS.

1. Be honest, be honest, I say ;  
 Be honest at work, be honest at play ;  
 The same in the dark as when in the light ;  
 Your deeds need not then be kept out of sight.
2. The next thing you need is knowledge, my boy ;  
 This virtue, indeed, your time should employ ;  
 Let knowledge display integrity, too,  
 And you'll seldom say, " I've nothing to do."
3. But work calls for action, muscle and will ;  
 Boys must " get up and get," their station to fill ;  
 And boys should be active as ever they can—  
 A dull, stupid boy grows up a dull, stupid man.
4. But simple activity will not suffice ;  
 Some shrewd, active boys are shirks in disguise.  
 They make all the moves the industrious do,  
 But don't care a fig to push business through.

5. The next thing in order—avoiding display—  
Is, boys should be careful to hear and obey,  
Not even presuming to make a reply,  
Not muttering, say, “I’ll go by and by,”  
But promptly obey with a hearty good will,  
Attempting, at least, the whole order to fill.
6. Again: Be not fitful, but stick to your work,  
Never let it be said that you are a shirk;  
But when any task is fairly begun,  
Keep “pegging away” until it is done.
7. Be honest, be wise, and industrious too;  
Be active, obedient, obliging, and true;  
Be faithful in all things, be clean as you can,  
Polite in your manners, and you’ll be a man.

—*Uncle Amasa in the Baptist.*

## TO THE BOYS.

HENRY DOWNTON.

Whatever you are, be brave, boys!  
The liar’s a coward and slave, boys;  
    Though clever at ruses  
    And sharp at excuses,  
He’s a sneaking and pitiful knave, boys!

Whatever you are, be frank, boys!  
’Tis better than money and rank, boys;  
    Still cleave to the right,  
    Be lovers of light,  
Be open, above-board, and frank, boys!

Whatever you are, be kind, boys!  
Be gentle in manners and mind, boys!  
    The man gentle in mien,

Words and temper, I ween,  
Is a gentleman truly refined, boys!

But whatever you are, be true, boys!  
Be visible through and through, boys;  
Leave to others the shamming,  
The "greening" and "cramming,"  
In fun and in earnest, be true, boys!

### GOOD MANNERS.

Good manners are the greatest charms one can possess. Young people should cultivate them assiduously. Money cannot buy them. There is only one way to obtain good manners, and that is by daily, constant practice. Always use good manners at home and at school, then you need not be alarmed when among strangers, for it will be perfectly natural to be polite and respectful to all.

Remember, that politeness is of great value, yet costs nothing but your own pains to acquire, and that

"To be polite is always to do and to say,  
The kindest things, in the kindest way."

### LITTLE BY LITTLE.

"Little by little," the tempter said,  
As a dark and cunning snare he spread,  
For the young unwary feet;  
"Little by little, and day by day,  
I will tempt the careless soul astray  
Into the broad and flowery way,  
Until the ruin be complete."

"Little by little," sure and slow,  
 We fashion our future of bliss and woe,  
 As the present passes away.  
 Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,  
 Up to the regions of endless light;  
 Or gliding downward into the night,  
 Little by little, and day by day.

### A BOY'S COMPLAINT.

Here are questions in physics and grammar  
 That would puzzle you somewhat I know;  
 Can you tell what is meant by inertia?  
 Can you clearly define rain and snow?

Do you know there's a valve in the bellows?  
 Can you tell why your clock is too slow?  
 Why the pendulum needs looking after?  
 Perhaps it is swinging too low.

"They was going up town in the evening,"  
 Do you call that bad grammar, I say?  
 I'm sure Mary Jones and her mother  
 Say worse things than that every day.

But I s'pose "*was*" should be in the plural,  
 To agree with its old subject "*they*,"  
 According to rule—my! I've lost it,  
 There's two per cent. gone right away.

And now, only look at the parsing,  
 It will surely take in every rule;  
 And down at the end more false syntax,  
 With authorities given "in full."

Arithmetic, my! how I hate it,  
 I'm stupid at that in the class,

So how, in the name of creation,  
Can I be expected to pass?

Here's a ten-acre lot to be fenced in,  
Here is duty to find on some tea;  
Here's a problem in old aligation,  
And a monstrous square-root one I see.

Can you tell who defeated the Indians?  
Do you know who was killed in a duel?  
Do you know what the first tax was raised on?  
And how some just thought it was cruel?

Perhaps I may pass on an average,  
If three-fourths are right I'll get through;  
But my teacher calls such standing shabby,  
So what is a poor boy to do?

—*Annie H. Streeter in Buffalo Express.*

### THE DONATION PARTY.

They carried the pie to the parson's house  
And scattered the floor with crumbs,  
And marked the leaves of his choicest books  
With the prints of their greasy thumbs.

They piled his dishes high and thick  
With a lot of unhealthy cake,  
While they gobbled the buttered toast and rolls  
Which the parson's wife did make.

They hung around Clytie's classic neck  
Their apple-parings for sport,  
And every one laughed when a clumsy lout  
Spilt tea on the piano-forte.

Next day the parson went down on his knees

With his wife—but not to pray ;  
 Oh, no, 'twas to scrape the grease and dirt  
 From the carpet and stairs away.

### MAKE A BEGINNING.

Remember in all things, that if you do not begin you will never come to an end. The first weed pulled up, the first seed put into the ground, the first dollar saved, the first example performed, and the first mile traveled on a journey, are all important things. They make a beginning, and show that you are in earnest and mean to do what you have undertaken. How many a poor, idle, hesitating outcast is now creeping along who might have held up his head and prospered if he had only made a beginning! "Well begun is half done," is an old but true saying. Try it boys, and prove that a good beginning is half of the battle.

### WHAT WE LEARN AT SCHOOL.

(For five little children.)

- (All.) Fathers, mothers, see us now,  
 As we make a pretty bow.  
 Next we'll tell you, each in turn,  
 What it is we here do learn.
- (1st.) First we're taught in kindly way,  
 We our teacher should obey :  
 When we strive to do the right  
 We are happy morn and night.
- (2d.) And we try to keep in mind,  
 We to others should be kind ;

For we know that all through life  
We must shun dispute and strife.

(3d.) Then, to meet another need,  
Ev'ry one learns how to read.  
As you all can see at once  
No one means to be a dunce.

(4th.) Now we spell, and now we write,  
'Till we know each word at sight;  
Thus you see how well we learn  
Each new thing to which we turn.

(5th.) Now to add and take away,  
This we learn from day to day;  
How to bound our State we know;  
East or south, the way we go.

(All.) But we have no time to tell  
All the things we've learned so well,  
So we ask you, one and all,  
At our school again to call.

### THE BLUES.

Trip lightly over trouble;  
Trip lightly over wrong,  
We only make it double,  
By dwelling on it long.

Trip lightly over sorrow,  
Though all the day be dark,  
The sun may shine to-morrow,  
And gaily sing the lark.

While stars are mighty shining,  
And heaven is overhead,

Encourage not repining,  
But look for joy ahead.

### BE TRUE.

Listen, my boy, I've a word for you,  
And this is the word: Be true! Be true!  
At work or at play, in darkness or light,  
Be true, be true, and stand for the right.

List, little girl, I've a word for you.  
'Tis the very same word: Be true! Be true!  
For truth is the sun, and falsehood the night;  
Be true, little maid, and stand for the right.

### DISCONTENT.

Down in the fields one day in June,  
The flowers all bloomed together,  
Save one who thought to hide herself—  
And drooped, that pleasant weather.

A robin, who had soared too high,  
And felt a little lazy,  
Was resting near a buttercup,  
Who wished she was a daisy.

The buttercups must always be  
The same all-tiresome color,  
While daisies dress in gold and white,  
Altho' their gold is duller!

"Dear Robin," said this sad young flower,  
"Perhaps you won't mind trying  
To find a nice white frill for me  
Some day when you are flying."

"You silly thing," the robin said,  
 "I think you must be crazy ;  
 I'd rather be my honest self,  
 Than any made-up daisy.

"You're nicer in your own bright gown ;  
 The little children love you ;  
 Be the best buttercup you can,  
 And think no flower above you.

"Tho' swallows leave us out of sight,  
 We'd better keep our places ;  
 Perhaps the world would go all wrong  
 With one too many daisies !"

### A BOY'S COMFORTS.

A boy don't have much comfort in life any way when the grown folks begin to get after him! A boy has an awful lot of work to do. There is going errands—that's about the hardest and longest job in the world. It's astonishing the time it takes to go an errand. Now, when I'm sent to the neighbors for yeast, it seems as though it would take all day. I can't exactly explain it, but there are such a lot of things coming up in the way all the time. First there's a chippie on the telegraph wire ; sometimes I pick up nearly a ton of stones to throw at a chippie, but he won't fly away. Seems as he was stuffed, and glued on, he stays and stays there, and I can't hit him. Of course that takes time. Then if another fellow goes with me that takes more time. Did you ever notice it takes two boys longer to go an errand than it does one? That's because two boys see more things to stop for than one does.

My mother says she wishes I *would* find some

way to get over the ground quicker, so I've been trying to find a way, and I think I've found it. Do you know how to make a "cart-wheel"? Well, I won't show you here, but you just go along with hands and feet over and over sideways like a wheel. I'm getting it down fine so I can go pretty fast, and beat Tommy Jones all to pieces; it's fun too, I tell you. Nothing for a boy like combining business and pleasure; for a boy don't have many comforts.

### GENIE'S ALMANAC.

Monday to wash all my dolly's clothes,  
 Lots to be done as you may suppose,  
 Tuesday to iron and put away,  
 That takes a body the live-long day.  
 Wednesday to darn, to fix, and to mend,  
 Plenty of sewing, you may depend.  
 Thursday, if shining, we visiting go,  
 Then we are dressed in our best, you know.  
 Friday, oh then we go out to shop,  
 Once you get started, 'tis hard to stop.  
 Saturday, polish, scrub and bake,  
 Tired out, hardly can keep awake.  
 Sunday, oh, that day of all is the best,  
 Glad it is here, now we can rest.

### CHRISTMAS CAROL.

Child Jesus comes from heaven to-night,  
 To save us from Sin's keeping,  
 On manger's straw, in darksome night,  
 The blessed lies sleeping.  
 The star smiles down, the angels greet,  
 The oxen kiss the baby's feet.

Take courage, soul, in grief cast down,  
 Forget the bitter dealing;  
 A child is born in David's town,  
 To touch all souls with healing.  
 Then let us go and seek the child,  
 Children like him, meek, undefiled,  
 The holy child Jesus.

### A WORD.

A little word in kindness spoken,  
 A motion, or a tear,  
 Has often healed the heart that's broken,  
 And made a friend sincere.

A word—a look—has crushed to earth  
 Full many a budding flower;  
 Which, had a smile but owned its birth  
 Would bless life's darkest hour.

Then deem it not an idle thing,  
 A pleasant word to speak;  
 The face you wear, the thought you bring  
 A heart may heal, or break.

### DICK'S SUPPER.

MRS. E. T. CORBITT.

Dick looked out of the window one night,  
 The moon shone bright,  
 The round, full moon, so silvery white.  
 "See," cried Dick, "it looks so sweet,  
 I'm sure it must be good to eat—  
 Suppose I take it down to-night,  
 Just for a treat,  
 And try one little, little bite!"

Then Dick climbed up on the chimney—so,  
 The moon hung low,  
 Bright as silver and pure as snow;  
 He snatched it quickly, and cried, "Ho! ho!  
 It makes me think of my birthday cake,  
 All covered with sugar;  
 A bite I'll take—  
 Just one, and nobody 'll know!"

But Dicky's mouth was, oh! so wide,  
 That the moon had nearly slipped inside—  
 He took such a monstrous bite, you see;  
 But it wasn't nice—  
 It was colder than ice,  
 And it made his tooth ache terribly.

"Oh, dear! oh, dear!" he began to cry,  
 "I wouldn't have the thing, not I!"  
 Quickly he hung it again in the sky,  
 Slid down the chimney and went to bed.  
 Then under the blankets he tucked his head,  
 "For I know," so he said,  
 "If any one thought I had bitten the moon,  
 I'd be whipped very soon!"

### ONLY A PIN.

Only a pin!  
 And it calmly lay  
 In the shining light  
 Of a bright noonday.

Only a boy,  
 He saw the pin,  
 And fixed on it a look intent  
 Till boy and pin alike were bent.

Only a chair—  
 It had no business standing there.  
 The boy he put on a fiendish grin,  
 And on the seat of that chair he fixed that pin.

Only a man,  
 He sat on that chair,  
 And as he rose—  
 So did his hair.

Only a yell!  
 But an honest one;  
 It lacked all elements of fun,  
 And man, and boy, and pin and chair,  
 In wild confusion mingled there.

### A CAPITAL.

A man must have a capital before he can start in any business, if it is nothing more than keeping a peanut stand. The capital need not always be money; it may be brains, a sound education, a trade or profession, or it may be nothing but a stock of energy for any kind of honest labor. Either of these are good capitals. The world wants young men who know how to do something, and can do it well. There is always a demand for good lawyers, good physicians, teachers, butchers, bakers, or candlestick makers; but there is none for the lazy young man who only knows how to part his hair in the middle or dance the latest waltz step, whose stock of information extends only to the latest style in tailoring, or the latest race or prize fight. These are the young men that are always complaining of the world, who find nothing in life worth living for. They are dissatisfied with everything and everybody,

themselves included, and it is no wonder. They have nothing to be satisfied with; they are bankrupt young men; they have no capital.

### THE BAREFOOT BOY THAT DRIVES THE CATTLE HOME.

'Tis evening, and the round, red sun sinks slowly  
in the west;  
The flowers fold their petals up, the birds fly to the  
nest;  
The crickets chirrup in the grass, and bats wheel to  
and fro,  
And tinkle-tankle up the lane the lowing cattle go.  
And the rich man from his carriage looks out on  
them as they come—  
On them, and on the barefoot boy that drives the  
cattle home.

"I wish," the boy said to himself, "I was that mil-  
lionaire,  
I'd have a palace for my home and never know a  
care;  
There is no wish that heart could frame I would  
not gratify,  
There would not be in all the land a happier man  
than I!  
What joy 'twould be to lead a life where cares  
would never come,  
And be no more the barefoot boy that drives the  
cattle home."

And the rich man sighs unto himself: "My wealth  
I'd gladly give  
Could I live another life than that which I now  
live—

Could I leave behind the dust, and glare, and tu-  
 mult of the town,  
 And sleep at night without a care if stocks went  
 up or down.  
 O, I'd give my palace and my yacht that sails the  
 ocean foam,  
 To be once more the barefoot boy that drives the  
 cattle home."

### DO YOU GUESS IT IS I?

The following is a very effective recitation for a young child. Have the little one laugh, cry and point to eyes, nose, mouth, show fingers, etc., and it never fails to please the audience:

I am a little thing,  
 I am not very high;  
 I laugh, dance and sing,  
 And sometimes I cry.

I have a little head  
 All covered o'er with hair,  
 And I hear what is said  
 With my two ears there.

On my two feet I walk;  
 I run, too, with ease;  
 With my little tongue I talk  
 Just as much as I please.

I have ten fingers, too,  
 And just so many toes;  
 Two eyes to see through,  
 And but one little nose.

I've a mouth full of teeth  
 Where my bread and milk go in;

And close by, underneath,  
Is my little round chin.

What is this little thing,  
Not very, very high,  
That can laugh, dance and sing.  
Do you guess it is—I?  
—*Mrs. Follen's Little Songs.*

## THE OWL AND THE PUSSY-CAT.

EDWARD LEAR.

The owl and the pussy-cat went to sea,  
In a beautiful pea-green boat,  
They took some honey and lots of money,  
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.  
The owl looked up to the moon above,  
And sang to his light guitar:

“Oh, pussy, oh, pussy, oh, pussy, my love,  
What a beautiful pussy you are, you are,  
What a beautiful pussy you are.”  
Pussy said to the owl, “You beautiful fowl,  
How charmingly sweet you sing;  
Come let us be married, too long have we tarried,  
But what shall we do for a ring?”

So they sailed away for a year and a day,  
To the land where the song-tree grows;  
And there in a wood a piggy-wig stood,  
With a ring in the end of his nose, his nose,  
With a ring in the end of his nose.

“Dear pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling  
your ring?”  
Says the piggy, “I will.”

So they took it away, and were married next day,  
 By the turkey who lives on the hill.  
 They dined upon mince and slices of quince,  
 Which they ate with a runcible spoon;  
 And, hand in hand on the golden sand,  
 They danced by the light of the moon, the  
     moon,  
 They danced by the light of the moon.

### WHY SOME BIRDS HOP, AND OTHERS WALK.

A little bird sat on a twig of a tree,  
 A swinging and singing as glad as could be,  
 And shaking his tail, and smoothing his dress,  
 And having such fun as you never could guess.

And when he had finished his gay little song,  
 He flew down in the street and went hopping  
     along,  
 This way and that way with both little feet,  
 While his sharp little eyes looked for something  
     to eat.

A little boy said to him: "Little bird, stop!  
 And tell me the reason you go with a hop,  
 Why don't you walk, as boys do, and men,  
 One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;  
 And he laughed, and he laughed as he never would  
     stop;  
 And he said: "Little boy, there are some birds  
     that talk,  
 And some birds that hop, and some birds that  
     walk.

“Use your eyes, little boy ; watch closely and see  
 What little birds hop, both feet just like me,  
 And what little birds walk, like the duck and the  
     hen,  
 And when you know that you’ll know more than  
     some men.

“Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk ;  
 Every bird that can wade in the water can walk ;  
 Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can  
     walk ;  
 One foot at a time—that is why they can walk.

‘But most little birds that can sing you a song  
 Are so small that their legs are not very strong  
 To scratch with, or wade with, or catch things—  
     that’s why  
 They hop with both feet.\* Little boy, good-bye.’  
     —*From Wide Awake.*

### A BOY’S SERMON.

Let me preach you a little sermon, my fellow-boys. You know it is easier to preach than to practice, so I preach. My subject is, “Examine Yourself.” 1st. Get away from a crowd a little while every day. Stand to one side and let the world run by while you get acquainted with yourself and see what kind of a fellow you are. Ask yourself hard questions about yourself. Find out all you can about yourself. 2d. See if you are really the kind of boy people say you are. Find out if you are always honest ; if you always tell the square truth. If your life is as good and upright

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\*The exceptions to the above rule are rare. The rule is generally correct, and so simple as to be easily remembered.

at eleven o'clock at night, provided you are awake, as it is at noon; if you are as sound a temperance boy on a fishing excursion as you are in Sunday-school; if you are as good a boy when you go to the city as you are at home; if, in short, you are the sort of a young man your father hopes you are; your mother says you are; your sweetheart believes you are. 3d. Get on intimate terms with yourself, my boy; and believe me, every time you come out from these private interviews you will be a stronger, better, and purer man. Finally, don't forget this, and it will do you good.

### THE BOYS WE NEED.

We need the boy who's not afraid  
To do his share of work;  
Who never is by toil dismayed,  
And never tries to shirk.

The boy whose heart is brave to meet,  
All lions in the way;  
Who's not discouraged by defeat,  
But tries another day.

The boy who always means to do  
The very best he can;  
Who always keeps the right in view,  
And aims to be a man.

Such boys as these will grow to be  
The men whose hands will guide  
The future of our land; and we  
Shall speak their names with pride.

All honor to the boy who is  
A man at heart, I say;

Whose legend on his shield is this :

“Right always wins the day.”

—*Golden Days.*

### THE LOSING BAG.

Little Harry Careless

Was always losing things—

Shoes and hats, and slates and books,

Pencils, marbles, strings—

Till at last his mother

Took a faded flag,

(A great, enormous one it was)

And made of it a bag.

“Now my careless Harry,”

Said she, with a kiss,

“When you feel like losing things,

Pop them into this.”

“That I will,” cried Harry,

Happy as a king ;

And since he’s had the losing bag

He’s never lost a thing.

—*Harper’s Young People.*

### HELPING.

(For very little boys and girls.)

- |      |                                    |
|------|------------------------------------|
| 1st— | Planting the corn and potatoes,    |
| 2d—  | Helping to scatter the seeds,      |
| 3d—  | Feeding the hens and the chickens, |
| 4th— | Freeing the garden from weeds,     |
| 5th— | Driving the cows to the pasture,   |
| 6th— | Feeding the horse in the stall ;   |
| All— | We little children are busy,       |
|      | Sure there is work for us all,     |
|      | Helping papa.                      |

7th— Spreading the hay in the sunshine,  
 8th— Raking it up when dry,  
 9th— Picking the apples and peaches,  
       Down in the orchard hard by ;  
 10th— Picking the grapes from the grape-vines,  
 11th— Gathering nuts in the fall ;  
 All— We little children are busy,  
       Yes, there is work for us all,  
       Helping papa.

12th— Sweeping, and washing the dishes,  
 13th— Bringing wood from the shed,  
 14th— Ironing, sewing, and knitting,  
 15th— Helping to make up the bed,  
 16th— Taking good care of the baby,  
 17th— Watching her lest she should fall ;  
 All— We little children are busy—  
       Oh, there is work for us all,  
       Helping mamma.

Boys— Work makes us cheerful and happy,  
       Makes us both active and strong.  
 Girls— Play we enjoy all the better,  
       When we have labored so long.  
 Boys— Gladly we help our kind parents,  
 Girls— Quickly we come at their call,  
 All— Children should love to be busy,  
       There is so much work for all,  
       Helping papa and mamma.

### JOHNNY'S POCKET.

Do you know what's in my pottet?  
 Such a lot of treasures in it !  
 Listen, now, while I bedin it ;  
 Such a lot of sings it hold,  
 And all there is you sall be told.

Everysin' dat's in my pottet,  
And when, and where, and how I dot it.

First of all, here's in my pottet  
A beauty shell; I picked it up,  
And here's the handle of my cup  
That somebody has broke at tea,  
The shell's a hole in it, you see,  
Nobody knows that I have dot it,  
I keep it safe here in my pottet.

And here's my ball, too, in my pottet,  
And here's my pennies, one, two, three,  
That aunt Mary gave to me;  
To-morrow day I'll buy a spade,  
When I'm out walking with the maid.  
I can't put dat here in my pottet,  
But I can use it when I've dot it.

Here's some more sin's in my pottet!  
Here's my lead, and here's my string,  
And once I had an iron ring,  
But through a hole it lost one day;  
And here is what I always say—  
A hole's the worst sin' in a pottet—  
Have it mended when you've dot it.

## TWO AND ONE.

Two *cars* and only *one mouth* have you :  
The reason I think, is clear :  
It teaches, my child, that it will not do  
To *talk* about all you hear.  
*Two eyes* and only *one mouth* have you  
The reason of this must be,  
That you should learn that it will not do  
To talk about all you see.

*Two hands* and only *one mouth* have you :  
 And it is worth repeating,—  
 The *two* are for work you will have to do,  
 The *one* is enough for eating.

## THE BUILDERS.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

All are architects of Fate,  
 Working in these walls of Time.  
 Some with massive deeds and great ;  
 Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Nothing useless is, or low ;  
 Each thing in its place is best ;  
 And what seems but idle show,  
 Strengthens and supports the rest.

For the structure that we raise,  
 Time is with materials filled ;  
 Our to-days and yesterdays  
 Are the blocks with which we build.

Truly shape and fashion these ;  
 Leave no yawning gaps between ;  
 Think not, because no man sees,  
 Such things will remain unseen.

In the older days of art,  
 Builders wrought with greatest care  
 Each minute and unseen part ;  
 For the gods see everywhere.

Let us do our work as well,  
 Both the unseen and the seen :  
 Make the house where gods may dwell,  
 Beautiful entire, and clean.

Else our lives are incomplete,  
 Standing in these walls of Time,  
 Broken stairways, where the feet  
 Stumble as they seek to climb.

Build to-day then, strong and sure,  
 With a firm and ample base;  
 And ascending and secure  
 Shall to-morrow find its place.

Thus alone can we attain  
 To those turrets, where the eye  
 Sees the world as one vast plain,  
 And one boundless reach of sky.

## GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING.

LORD HOUGHTON.

A fair little girl sat under a tree,  
 Sewing, as long as her eyes could see;  
 Then she smoothed her work and folded it right,  
 And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks flew over her head,  
 Crying, "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed;  
 She said, as she watched their curious flight,  
 "Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,  
 The sheep's bleat! bleat! came over the road,  
 All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,  
 "Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"  
 Though she saw him there like a ball of light  
 For she knew he had God's time to keep  
 All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pine fox-glove bowed his head,  
 The violets curtsied and went to bed ;  
 And good little Lucy tied up her hair,  
 And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And, while on her pillow she softly lay,  
 She knew nothing more, till again it was day ;  
 And all things said to the beautiful sun,  
 " Good-morning ! good-morning ! our work is begun ! "

## WHERE THE GYPSIES GO.

BY MRS. S. M. B. PIATT.

" Mamma, the sun went down too soon ;  
 There are more things I want to hear."  
 " Look through the window. There's the moon,  
 This is the time to dream, I fear."  
 " But tell me where the gypsies go  
 When there is snow."

" I've told you all I know." " But it  
 Is ever so little ! Tell me all  
 That other people know." " Come, sit  
 Here in the shelter of my shawl,  
 And let's guess where the gypsies go  
 When there's snow."

" I cannot guess." " Then how can I ?  
 I only know they vanish quite  
 When the dark leaves go blowing by,  
 Somewhere, or somewhere, out of sight."  
 " But tell me where the gypsies go  
 When there is snow."

" My child, these gypsies seem to me  
 Brown, grown up fairies, that belong

Only to summer. It may be  
 They die out to some bird's last song"—  
 "Please tell me where the gypsies go  
 When there is snow."

"Well, there are barns with clover hay,  
 And lonesome lofts, where mice may creep;  
 For all I know, the gypsies may  
 Go—just where you should go—to sleep.  
 To sleep—that's where the gypsies go.  
 When there is snow."

### WHAT SANTA CLAUS THINKS.

Hi! another one! What's the world about?  
 Don't these people know that I am most worn  
 out?

Millions of 'em coming year by year;  
 Every youngster wretched if I don't appear.

First they want a rattle, then a ring to bite;  
 Then a box of sugar plums, then a doll or kite;  
 Next a story book to read, then a bat and ball,  
 Santa's back is broad and strong, he must bring  
 them all.

Gratitude they talk about; not a bit for me.  
 First you know they get so wise, cry out "Fiddle-  
 de-dee."

No such chap as Santa Claus, can't deceive us so,  
 Never find a six inch sock hanging in the row.

Here's this jolly little chap, scarcely here a week.  
 Don't I know he rules the house, though he looks  
 so meek? [too,

Both his eyelids shut up tight, mouth wide open,  
 S'pose he got a look at me, wonder what he'd do?

Sleep away my little man, trouble comes with  
 years,  
 You are bound to get your share in this vale of  
 tears.  
 Rattle, is it? Well, all right! Yes, I've got my  
 pen,  
 Finish out your precious nap, and I'll be round  
 again.

### WHAT TO DO.

If the world seems cold to you,  
 Kindle fires to warm it.  
 Let their comfort hide from view  
 Winters that deform it.  
 Hearts as frozen as your own  
 To that radiance gather;  
 You will soon forget to moan,  
 "Ah! the cheerless weather."

### "WHEN I'M A MAN."

JOHN S. ADAMS.

I'm a boy 'bout high as a table,  
 My hair is the color of flax;  
 My name isn't Shakespeare or Milton,  
 Or Byron, or Shelley, or Saxe.  
 By-and-by it will be "Mr. Daniel,"  
 They all call me now "Little Dan;"  
 I'll tell you in rhyme what I fancy  
 Will happen when I am a man.

I'll have a big garden for peaches,  
 And cherries, and everything nice;  
 With the cutest of fixings for rabbits,  
 And pigeons, and dogs and white mice.

I'll have a big house, and a stable;  
 And of horses the handsomest span  
 That ever you feasted your eyes on,  
 'Tis likely, when I am a man.

A cane I will twirl in my fingers,  
 A watch-guard shall garnish my vest,  
 No fear of expense shall deter me,  
 My raiment shall be of the best.  
 A ring on my finger shall glisten,  
 And the cunningest, sleek black-and-tan  
 Shall trot at my heels as I travel,  
 I'm thinking, when I am a man.

No poisonous drinks will I swallow,  
 From foul smelling pipes I'll be free,  
 My nose wasn't made for a chimney,  
 No snuffing or chewing for me.  
 Now my soul I'll possess with great patience,  
 And as well as a little boy can  
 I will set them a better example;  
 Won't I lecture them when I'm a man?

I'm a boy, so there's no use in talking;  
 People snub me as much as they please;  
 For the toes of my shoes are of copper,  
 And my stockings come over my knees.  
 I've told you the whole of my story,  
 As I promised to when I began;  
 I'm young, but I'm daily a-growing,  
 Look out for me when I'm a man.

### PATRIOTISM.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead  
 Who never to himself hath said,

This is my own, my native land!  
 Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned.  
 As home his footsteps he hath turned  
 From wandering on a foreign strand.  
 If such there breathe, go mark him well,  
 For him no minstrel raptures swell;  
 High though his title, proud his name,  
 Boundless his wealth as wish may claim;  
 Despite those titles, power and pelf,  
 The wretch concentered all in self,  
 Living shall forfeit fair renown,  
 And, doubly dying, shall go down  
 To the vile dust from whence he sprung,  
 Unwept, unhonored, and unsung.

### WHAT IS THE BIBLE?

'Tis a fountain ever flowing  
 Whence the weary may obtain  
 Water for the soul that's thirsting,  
 And shall never thirst again.

'Tis a lamp forever burning  
 By whose never dying light  
 Sinners from their errors turning,  
 Are directed in the right.

'Tis a mine of richest treasure  
 Laden with the purest ore;  
 And its contents without measure  
 You can never well explore.

'Tis a tree whose fruit unfailing  
 Cheers and stays the fainting soul;  
 And whose leaves the nations healing,  
 Carry joy from pole to pole.

'Tis a pearl of price exceeding  
 Every gem in ocean found ;  
 By its precept ever healing  
 You may learn where joys abound.

### THE ANXIOUS MOTHER.

I lent my dear dolly, and what do you think?  
 They gave her no victuals, they gave her no  
 drink.  
 They left her uncovered all night in the cold  
 My dear little dolly, not quite a year old.

Her color now faded ; it rained where she lay—  
 She had for her pillow a wisp of wet hay.  
 To have her so treated, say, who would not  
 scold?

My own little Dolly, not quite a year old !

Now swallow it Dolly, this sweet little pill ;  
 'Twill cure you my darling, I know that it will.  
 We'll no more be parted, for love or for gold,  
 My dear little Dolly, not quite a year old !

### BY-AND-BY.

There's a little mischief-maker  
 That is stealing half our bliss,  
 Sketching pictures in a dream-land  
 That are never seen in this ;  
 Dashing from the lips the pleasure  
 Of the present, while we sigh ;  
 You may know this mischief-maker,  
 For his name is By-and-By.

When the calls of duty haunt us,  
 And the present seems to be

All the time that ever mortals  
 Snatch from dark eternity.  
 Then a fairy hand seems painting  
 Pictures on a painted sky,  
 For a cunning little artist  
 Is the fairy, By-and-By.

"By-and-By," the wind is sighing,  
 "By-and-By," the heart replies,  
 But the phantom just above us  
 Ere we grasp it, ever flies ;  
 List not to the idle charmer,  
 Scorn the very specious lie—  
 Do not believe or trust in  
 This deceiver, By-and-By.

### ONLY.

Only a seed, but it chanced to fall  
 In a little cleft of a city wall,  
 And taking root, grew bravely up,  
 Till a tiny blossom crowned its top.

Only a flower, but it chanced that day  
 A burdened heart passed that way ;  
 And the message that through the flower was sent,  
 Brought the weary soul a sweet content.

For it spoke of the lilies, so wondrously clad ;  
 And the heart that was tired grew strangely glad  
 At the thought of a tender care over all,  
 That noted even a sparrow's fall.

Only a thought, but the work it wrought  
 Could never by tongue or pen be taught ;  
 For it ran through a life, like a thread of gold ;  
 And the life bore fruit, a hundred fold.

Only a word, but 'twas spoken in love,  
 With a whispered prayer, to the Lord above.  
 And the angels in heaven rejoiced once more,  
 For a new born soul "entered in by the door."

### THE TRIPLE PLEDGE.

We will not buy, we will not make,  
 We will not use, we will not take  
 Wine, ale, or beer, rum, whisky, gin,  
 Because they lead mankind to sin.

We will not smoke, the smoker pets  
 Those little things called cigarettes.  
 We will not chew, we will not snuff,  
 Or waste our time in playing puff.

We will not curse, though many dare  
 Open their lips to curse and swear  
 Our words shall be both pure and plain  
 We will not take—that name in vain.

### SOMETHING FOR CHILDREN TO DO.

There is something on earth for the children to do,  
 For the child that is trying to be  
 Like the One, who once murmured, in accents of  
 love,  
 Let the little ones come unto me.  
 There are sweet winning words to the weary and  
 sad,  
 By their glad loving lips to be said.

There are hearts that are waiting, by some little  
 hand,  
 Unto Jesus, the Lord, to be led.

There are lessons to learn, both at home and at  
school,

There are battles to fight for the right.

There's a watch to be kept, over temper and  
tongue,

And God's loving help to be asked day and  
night.

There are smiles to be given, kind deeds to be  
done,

Gentle words to be dropped by the way ;

For the child that intends to be noble and good,

There is something to do every day.

### WOMEN.

When Eve brought woe to all mankind,

Old Adam called her Woeman ;

But when she wooed with love so kind,

He then pronounced her *wooman*.

But now, with folly and with pride

Their husband's pockets trimmen,

The ladies are so full of whims,

That people call them whimmen !

### ONLY A WORD.

Only a word, yet how it brightened

The gloom of the darkening day.

Only a word, and lightly spoken,

And the speaker went his way.

Yet it took from a heart with sorrow laden

The weight of its pressing care ;

It opened a rift for the blue of heaven,

And a gleam of the sunshine fair.

Only a word, and lightly spoken,

And the speaker went his way,  
But the peace of the heavenly benediction  
Followed him that day.

### GOOD WISHES.

“A bright, a blessed Christmas  
And a glad New Year be thine.  
And may the Sun of Glory  
Upon thy pathway shine;  
Each season show thee clearer  
The path thy Saviour trod,  
And each new Christmas find thee nearer  
The Paradise of God.”

### DOING GOOD.

I must do all the good I can  
To all the people that I can,  
In all the ways that I can,  
And as long as ever I can.  
I need not wait till I am a man  
But begin just now, as soon as I can  
To say all the kind little words that I know,  
And do kind deeds wherever I go.  
So working, and growing, as fast as I can,  
In time I'll be a useful and noble man.

### DO THY LITTLE.

Do thy little, and do it well;  
Do what right and reason tell;  
Do what wrong and sorrow claim,  
Conquer sin and cover shame.  
Do thy little, though it be  
Dreariness and drudgery;

They whom Christ apostles made  
 Gathered fragments when He bade.  
 Do thy little, never fear  
 While thy helper standeth near.  
 Let the world its pebbles throw,  
 On thy way undaunted go.

### FARMERS' BOYS.

Out in every tempest,  
 Out in every gale,  
 Buffeting the weather,  
 Wind, storm, and hail;  
 In the meadow mowing  
 Where the old oak stood;  
 Every flitting moment  
 Each skillful hand employs;  
 Bless me! were there ever  
 Idle farmers' boys?

### FARMERS' GIRLS.

Up in the early morning  
 Just at peep of day,  
 Straining the milk in the dairy,  
 Turning the cows away;  
 Sweeping the floor in the kitchen,  
 Making the beds upstairs,  
 Washing the breakfast dishes,  
 Dusting the parlor chairs.  
  
 Brushing the crumbs from the pantry,  
 Hunting for eggs in the barn,  
 Roasting the meat for dinner,  
 Spinning the stocking yarn.  
 Spreading the snow white linen

Down on the bushes below,  
Ransacking every meadow  
Where wild strawberries grow.

Starching their "fixins" for Sunday,  
Churning their golden cream,  
Rinsing the pails and strainer  
Down in the running stream.  
Feeding the geese and poultry,  
Making puddings and pies,  
Jogging the little one's cradle,  
Driving away the flies.

Grace in every motion,  
Music in every tone;  
Beauty of form and feature  
Thousands might covet to own.  
Cheeks that rival the roses,  
Teeth the whiteness of pearls.  
One of these country maids is worth  
A score of your city girls.

### BOYS MAKE MEN.

When you see a ragged urchin  
Standing wistful in the street,  
With torn hat and kneeless trowsers,  
Dirty face and bare red feet;  
Pass not by that child unheeding;  
Smile upon him. Mark me when  
He's grown old he'll not forget it,  
For remember, boys make men.

Have you never seen a grandsire  
With his eyes aglow with joy,  
Bring to mind some act of kindness,  
Something said to him a boy.

Or relate some slight or coldness  
 With a brow all clouded, when  
 He recalled some heart too thoughtless  
 To remember boys make men.

Let us try to add some pleasure  
 To the life of every boy ;  
 Show each child tender interest  
 In its sorrows and its joy.

Call your boys home by its brightness,  
 They avoid the household when  
 It is cheerless with unkindness ;  
 For remember, boys make men.

#### A LITTLE BOY'S THOUGHTS.

I thought when I had learned my letters  
 That all my troubles were o'er ;  
 But I find myself mistaken ;  
 They have only just begun.  
 Learning to read was awful,  
 But nothing like learning to write.  
 I'd be sorry to have you know it—  
 But my copy book is a sight !

The ink gets over my fingers,  
 The pen cuts all sorts of shins,  
 And won't do at all as I bid it,  
 The letters won't stay on the lines,  
 But go up and down all over  
 As though they were dancing a jig ;  
 They are there in all shapes and sizes—  
 Medium, little and big.

The tails of the g's are so contrary,  
 The handles get on the wrong side  
 Of the d's and q's and the h's,

Though I've certainly tried, and tried  
 To make them look just right. It is dreadful!  
 I really don't know what to do;  
 I'm getting almost distracted—  
 My teacher says she is, too.

There'd be some comfort in learning  
 If one could get through; instead  
 Of that, there are books waiting  
 Quite enough to craze my head.  
 There's the multiplication table,  
 And grammar, and oh! dear me!  
 There's no good place for stopping  
 When one has begun, I see.

My teacher says, little by little  
 To the mountain-tops we climb;  
 It isn't all done in a minute,  
 But only a step at a time.  
 She says that all the scholars,  
 All the wise and learned men,  
 Had each to begin as I do;—  
 If that's so, where's my pen?

### THEY SAY.

"They say," ah well; suppose they do.  
 But can they prove the story true?  
 Suspicions may arise from naught  
 But malice, envy, want of thought;  
 Why count yourself among the "they,"  
 Who whisper what they dare not say?

They say, but why the tale rehearse  
 And help to make the matter worse?  
 No good can possibly accrue  
 From telling what may be untrue;

And is it not a better plan  
To speak of all the best you can?

They say! well, if it should be true,  
Why need you tell the tale of woe?  
Will it the bitter wrong redress,  
Or make one pang of sorrow less?  
Will that the erring one restore  
Henceforth, to "go and sin no more"?

They say! Oh! pause and look within,  
See how the heart inclines to sin.  
Watch! lest in dark temptation's hour,  
Thou too, should sink beneath its power.  
Pity the frail—weep o'er the fall;  
But speak the good, or not at all.

#### THE MOTHER HUBBARD.

"Old Mother Hubbard,  
She went to the cupboard,  
To get her poor dog a bone;  
But when she got there  
The cupboard was bare  
And so the poor dog got none."

To get him some meat  
She went down the street  
And hastily entered the town;  
She was in such a hurry  
She forgot in her worry  
To take off her fancy bed-gown.

Some ladies were passing,  
And instantly classing  
That gown as the very last fashion,  
Determined to don it,

And with a new bonnet  
They'd set other ladies' teeth gnashing.

So now, though not pretty,  
You'll find in each city  
No lady of fashion without it;  
But the babies look cute  
In the quaint little suit,  
I'm sure there will nobody doubt it.

### WHAT ARE NEWSPAPERS? WHAT DO THEY CONTAIN?

Organs that gentlemen play, my boy,  
To answer the taste of the day,  
Whatever it may be, they hit the key  
And pipe in full concert way.

News from all countries and climes, my boy,  
Advertisements, essays and rhymes,  
Mixed up with all sorts of lying reports,  
And published at regular times.

Articles able and wise, my boy,  
At least in the editor's eyes,  
With logic so grand that few understand  
To what in the world it applies.

Lists of all physical ills, my boy,  
Cured by somebody's pills,  
Till you ask with surprise why any one dies  
And what's the disorder that kills.

Prices of cattle and grain, my boy,  
Directions to dig and to drain,  
But it would take me too long to tell in my song  
A quarter of all they contain.

## THE STOLEN CUSTARD.

Sugar-toothed Dick  
 For dainties was sick,  
     So he slily stole into the kitchen,  
 Snatched a cup from the pantry,  
 And darted out quick,  
     Unnoticed by mother or Gretchen.

Whispered he, "There's no cake,  
 For to-morrow they bake,  
     But this custard looks rich and delicious ;  
 How they'll scold at the rats,  
 Or the mice or the cats ;  
     For of me, I don't think they're suspicious.

"They might have filled up  
 Such a mean little cup !  
     And for want of a spoon, I must drink it.  
 But 'tis easy to pour—  
 Hark ! who's that at the door ?"  
     And the custard went down ere you'd think it.

With a shriek he sprang up,  
 To the floor dashed the cup ;  
     Then he howled and tumbled, and blustered,  
 Till the terrible din  
 Brought the household in,  
     He had swallowed a cupful of mustard !

## SHUT THE DOOR.

Don't let the door stand open, but close it with  
     much care,  
 Without a bang, without a whang, yes, shut it fair  
     and square ;  
 Without a slam, without a jam, without a slat, or  
     jerk,

For if you've left it open, go shut it, and don't shirk.  
 No Christian man or woman, or well trained chick  
     or child  
 Will let a door swing idle, to make weak nerves  
     run wild;  
 When chilly winds are blowing, and some one's  
     taking cold,  
 And the open door is squeaking, and muttering  
     like a scold.

Haste makes but waste, remember, so plenty take  
     of time,  
 Don't leave the door half open, a fault almost a  
     crime.  
 And if you've ever done this, don't do so any more,  
 Whatever else you fail to do, don't fail to shut the  
     door!

### WHEN SANTA CLAUS COMES.

A good time is coming, I wish it were here;  
 The very best time in the whole of the year.  
 I'm counting each day on my fingers and thumbs  
 The hours that must pass before Santa Claus comes.

Good-bye for a while, then, to lessons and school;  
 We can talk, laugh, and sing, without breaking the  
     rule.

No troublesome spellers, no writing, nor sums,  
 There's nothing but playtime, when Santa Claus  
     comes.

I suppose I shall have a new dolly, of course,  
 My last one was killed by a fall from her horse;  
 While for Harry and Jack, there'll be trumpets and  
     drums,  
 To deafen us with when Santa Claus comes.

I'll hang up my stocking to hold what he brings;  
 I hope he will fill it with lots of good things;  
 He must know how dearly I love sugar plums,  
 I'd like a big box full, when Santa Claus comes.

And now that the snowflakes begin to come down  
 And the wind whistles sharp, and the branches are  
     brown,  
 I don't mind the cold, though my fingers it numbs,  
 'Cause it brings the time nearer when Santa Claus  
     comes.

### MOONSTRUCK.

The young moon lies in the old moon's arms  
     You can see it plain as can be;  
 Venus has gone with all her charms,  
     But Jupiter stares at the baby.

The old Moon rocks in the clear blue skies,  
     She is rocking an hour old baby;  
 The stars are a-winking with all their eyes,  
     And wonder whatever it may be.

In a month that baby a babe will hold,  
     And croon to the young its A, B.  
 For a Moon's whole life is but four weeks old,  
     And then 'tis again a baby.

### CHRISTMAS EVE.

Rake up the glowing cinders,  
     Pile on the crackling coal,  
 Jack Frost's come with his pincers,  
     Straight from the cold North Pole.

Hark! how the pelting raindrops  
     Rattle on roof and pane.

Here we are warm and cosy,  
Proof against wind and rain.

Roast nuts, sweet and tender,  
Pop corn crisp and white,  
Apples baked in the embers  
Jolly good times to-night!

### THE BABY'S STOCKING.

Hang up the baby's stocking,  
Be sure you don't forget;  
The dear little dimpled darling,  
She ne'er saw Christmas yet.  
But I've told her all about it  
And she opened her blue eyes;  
And I'm sure she understands it,  
She looks so funny and wise.

Dear! what a tiny stocking,  
It doesn't take much to hold  
Such little pink toes as baby's  
Away from the frost and cold.  
But then for the baby's Christmas  
It will never do at all;  
Why, Santa Claus wouldn't be looking  
For anything half so small.

I know what we'll do for the baby,  
I've thought of the very best plan,  
I'll borrow a stocking from Grandma  
The largest I ever can;  
And you'll hang it by mine, dear mother,  
Right here in the corner, so,  
And write a letter to Santa Claus  
And fasten it on the toe.

Write, "This is the baby's stocking  
 That hangs in the corner here,  
 You have never seen her, Santa,  
 For she only came this year;  
 But she's the blessedest baby!  
 And now before you go,  
 Just cram her stocking with goodies  
 From the top clean down to the toe."

### THE DEAD DOLLY.

MARGARET VANDEGRIFT.

You needn't be trying to comfort me,  
 I tell you my Dolly is dead!  
 There's no use in saying she isn't  
 With a crack like that in her head.  
 It's just like you said it wouldn't hurt much  
 To have my tooth out that day,  
 And then when the man most pulled my  
 head off  
 You hadn't a word to say.

And I guess you must think I'm a baby  
 When you say you can mend it with glue,  
 As if I didn't know better than that;  
 Why, just suppose it was you!  
 You might make her look all mended,  
 But what do I care for looks?  
 Why, glue is for chairs, and tables,  
 And toys, and the backs of books.

Oh Dolly, my own little daughter,  
 O! but it is the awfulest crack!  
 It just makes me sick to think of the sound  
 When her poor little head went whack  
 Against that horrible brass thing,

That holds up the little shelf.  
 Now Nursey, what makes you remind me?  
 I know that I done it myself.

I think you must be crazy;  
 You'll get her another head!  
 What good would forty heads do her?  
 I tell you my Dolly is dead!  
 And to think I hadn't quite finished  
 Her elegant new spring hat,  
 And I took a sweet ribbon of hers last night  
 To tie on that horrid cat.

When my mamma gave me that ribbon,  
 I was playing out in the yard,  
 And she said to me most expressly,  
 "Here's a ribbon for Hildegarde."  
 And I went and put it on Tabby  
 And Hildegarde saw me do it,  
 But I said to myself, "Oh, never mind,  
 I don't believe she knew it."

But I know that she knew it, now,  
 And just believe, I do—  
 That her poor little heart was broken,  
 And so her head broke too.  
 Oh my baby! my dear little baby!  
 I wish my head had been hit—  
 For I've hit it over and over again  
 And it hasn't cracked a bit.

But since the darling is dead  
 She'll want to be buried of course.  
 We will take my little wagon, Nurse,  
 And you shall be my horse.  
 And I will walk behind and cry,  
 And we'll put her in this, you see,

This dear little box, and we'll bury her then  
Under the apple tree.

And papa will make me a tombstone  
Like the one he made for my bird,  
And he'll put what I tell him on it,  
Yes, every single word.  
I shall say, "Here lies Hildegarde,  
A beautiful doll, who is dead.  
She died of a broken heart,  
And a dreadful crack in her head."

### BABY KANGAROO.

KATE BREARLY FORD.

Queer little baby kangaroo  
Has nothing else in the world to do  
But, cuddled away,  
To sleep all day—  
I should get tired ; wouldn't you ?

And where does mamma kangaroo  
Keep her baby the whole day through  
In a queer little nest  
On her own warm breast—  
We can hardly believe it ; but 'tis true.

She jumps along while he is asleep,  
And eats the grass like a woolly sheep  
And by and by  
We'll see him try  
Out of his hiding-place to creep.

Late and early, early and late,  
He's out of sight ; but if we wait,  
This odd little chap

We may see, mayhap,  
For he's growing at a wondrous rate.

And now he tries a nibble or two,  
And wonders how a kangaroo  
Would really feel  
If he should steal  
Quite away from the snug place where he  
grew.

Queer little baby kangaroo!  
What would he think now, if he knew  
That, by and by  
He would stand so high  
As almost to frighten himself and you?

## THE WIND.

E. C. STEDMAN.

Which is the wind that brings the cold?  
The north wind, Freddy, and all the snow;  
And the sheep will scamper into the fold,  
When the North begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the heat?  
The south wind, Katy; and corn will grow,  
And cherries redden for you to eat,  
When the South begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the rain?  
The east wind, Tommy; and farmers know  
That cows come shivering up the lane,  
When the East begins to blow.

Which is the wind that brings the flowers?  
The west wind, Bessie; and soft and low

The birdies sing in the summer hours,  
When the West begins to blow.

### THE QUEER SCHOLARS.

The sun was shining softly,  
The day was calm and cool,  
When forty-five frog scholars met  
Down by a shady pool—  
For little frogs, like little folk,  
Are always sent to school.

The master, perched upon a stone,  
Besought them to be quick  
In answering his questions,  
Or else (his voice was thick)  
They knew well what would happen,  
He pointed to his stick.

Their lessons seemed the strangest things,  
They learnt that grapes were sour ;  
They said that four and twenty days  
Exactly made an hour ;  
That bricks were made of houses,  
And corn was made of flour.  
That six times one was ninety-five,  
And "yes" meant "no" or "nay."

They always spent "to-morrow"  
Before they spent "to-day,"  
Whilst each commenced the alphabet  
With "z" instead of "a!"

As soon as school was over  
The master said, "No noise!  
Now go and play at leap-frog,"  
(The game a frog enjoys).

“ And mind that you behave yourselves,  
 And *don't throw stones at boys!* ”

### WHEN THE WORLD WILL END.

When lawyers fail to take a fee  
 And juries never disagree ;  
 When politicians are content,  
 And landlords don't collect their rent ;  
 When parties smash all the machines,  
 And Boston folks give up their beans ;  
 When naughty children all die young,  
 And girls are born without a tongue ;  
 When ladies don't take time to shop,  
 And office-holders never flop ;  
 When preachers cut their sermons short,  
 And all folks to the church resort ;  
 When back subscribers all have paid,  
 And editors have fortunes made ;  
 Such happiness will sure portend  
 This world must soon come to an end.

### THAT DREADFUL BOY.

ANON.

I'm looking for a dreadful boy,  
 Does anybody know 'im ?  
 Who's leading all the other boys  
 The way they shouldn't go in.  
 I think if I could find that boy  
 I'd stop what he is doin'—  
 A-bringing all the other boys  
 To certain mortal ruin.

There's Tommy Green, a growing lad,  
 His mother has informed me

The way that he is getting bad  
 Would certainly alarm me.  
 She feels the blame should rest upon  
 John Brown—a recent comer—  
 For Tommy was a lovely child  
 A year ago this summer.

But when I spoke to Mrs. Brown  
 Her inmost soul was shaken,  
 To think that Mrs. Green should be  
 So very much mistaken;  
 She did assure me Johnny was  
 As good a child as any,  
 Except for learning naughty things  
 From Mrs. Whiting's Benny.

And Mrs. Whiting frets because  
 Of Mrs. Blackham's Freddy;  
 She fears he taught young Benjamin  
 Some wicked tricks already  
 Yet Fred is such an innocent,  
 (I have it from his mother)  
 He wouldn't think of doing wrong,  
 Untempted by another.

O, when I think I've found the boy  
 Whose ways are so disgracin',  
 I always learn he's some one else,  
 And lives some other place in.  
 And if we cannot search him out,  
 He will (most dreadful pity!)  
 Spoil all the boys who otherwise  
 Would ornament the city.

#### RATTLE OF THE BONES.

How many bones in the human face?  
 Fourteen, when they're all in place.

How many bones in the human head?  
Eight, my child, as I've often said.

How many bones in the human ear?  
Three in each, and they help to hear.

How many bones in the human spine?  
Twenty-six, like a climbing vine.

How many bones in the human chest?  
Twenty-four ribs, and two of the rest.

How many bones the shoulders bind?  
Two in each—one before, one behind.

How many bones in the human arm?  
In each arm one; two in each forearm.

How many bones in the human wrist?  
Eight in each if none are missed.

How many bones in the palm of the hand?  
Five in each, with many a band.

How many bones in the fingers ten?  
Twenty-eight, and by joints they bend.

How many bones in the human hip?  
One in each; like a fish they dip.

How many bones in the human thigh?  
One in each, and deep they lie.

How many bones in the human knees?  
One in each, the kneepan, please.

How many bones in the leg from the knee?  
Two in each we can plainly see.

How many bones in the ankle strong?  
Seven in each, but none are long.

How many bones in the ball of the foot?  
Five in each as the palms are put.

How many bones in the toes half a score?  
Twenty-eight, and there are no more.

And now, altogether, these many bones fix,  
And they count, in a body, two hundred and  
six.

And then we have, in the human mouth  
Of upper and under, thirty-two teeth.

And now and then have a bone, I should  
think,  
That forms on a joint, or to fill up a chink.

A Sesamoid bone, or a Wormian, we call,  
And now we may rest, for we've told them  
all.

—*Indianapolis Sentinel*.

## EXAMINATIONS.

BY W. M. G.

(At the end of each verse the reciter draws a deep sigh and exclaims, "Examinations!")

The other night I went to bed,  
But not to sleep, for my poor head  
Was filled with a most awful dread,  
Examinations!

I thought of this, and then of that;

Of set and sit ; which goes with sat ?  
 I fear my brain has run to fat.  
 Examinations !

Next came the base and rate per cent.,  
 Of money to an agent sent,  
 And with that word all of them went,  
 Examinations !

Then my lessons I try to spell ;  
 Which words have two, and which one L ?  
 Oh, my poor brain ! I cannot tell.  
 Examinations !

Where is Cape Cod, and where Pekin ?  
 Where do the rivers all begin ?  
 A high per cent. I cannot win.  
 Examinations !

Who was John Smith ? What did he do ?  
 And all the other fellows, too ?  
 You must tell me, I can't tell you.  
 Examinations !

Oh, welcome sleep ! at last it came ;  
 But not to rest me, all the same ;  
 For in my dreams this is my bane—  
 Examinations !

## ANOTHER SPIDER AND FLY.

LAURA GARLAND CARR.

“ Come try my new swing ! ” said a cunning old  
 spider,  
 As she fastened a thread round a columbine stalk,

To a trim little fly that lit down beside her  
To brush off the dust while they had a short talk.

"See this now! I touched with my foot that tall  
aster!

Now back—there I jostled that lovely sweet pea!  
O such jolly fun! see I go fast and faster!  
Hop in, little neighbor, there's room here by me!"

"It can't be so nice as to fly," he made answer,  
While thoughtfully stroking his fair gauzy wings.  
"Poh! flies! I've had them! They are nice, but  
my land, sir!

You can't till you try, know the pleasure of  
swings."

The spider and swing—they went faster and higher;  
The blossoms they nodded and all things looked  
gay,

And our charmed little fly soon lost all desire  
Save just once to swing in that rollicking way.

"He'll come now, I know," said the cunning old  
spinner, [of sight.

And her cruel eyes gleamed as she danced out  
Then looking back sily she thought of the dinner  
That plump fly would make when she had him  
all tight.

"She's gone!" thought the fly. "Now I guess I  
will try it."

And all in a flutter he hurried right in.

"Nice, isn't it, dear? Now don't you deny it!"

And the spider sprang out with a horrible grin.

Whew! swoop comes a swallow! he seizes the  
derider,

And off to his nest in the barn roof has flown;  
So now little silver wings laughs at the spider,  
And swings if he pleases, or lets it alone.

# ELOCUTION.

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## HOW TO BECOME A GOOD READER AND SPEAKER.

WERE all to realize the importance, the effect, a degree of elocutionary ability has upon the welfare in life of either a man or a woman, there would be less neglect of the study of elocution in the schools, and pupils, themselves, would be eager to excel in this branch of a wise education. But, throughout a great portion of the country, the art of reading and speaking well has been looked upon as something rather ornamental than useful, and where elocution has been taught effectively at all, it has been where an occasional instructor, wiser than the average, has practically forced it into the course of training. Fortunately, a change of sentiment is already manifesting itself.

The subject of elocution is confessedly an all important one to the American people—the love of Oratory is inherent in Americans—they have felt its influence as no other people have, and realize the part it has performed in the formation and character of the Republic. Prof. Whitman has well said that “it was oratory that made us a free and independent people, oratory that determined the qual-

ity of man, oratory that settled all the important questions of the past, and oratory that must mark the future weal or woe of the American nation—a nation which, it is no exaggeration to say—excels all others in the splendor of her renown, ‘even as one star excelleth another star in glory.’”



Fig. 1.

Hon. Frank Gilbert in his Introduction to Prof. Whitman's book, says: “In no other country have orators and oratory played so important a part in shaping public affairs as in this country, the reason is, that nowhere else has free speech been enjoyed with absolute thoroughness. Every other land either is, or has been cursed by a despotism which dared not give reign to the tongue. Oratory cannot flourish under tyranny.”—The oratory

of this Republic is one of the great treasures of literature.

Our Republican institutions are of such a character as to call for and encourage a practice of not only impromptu and well finished and studied oratory, but a demand for good elocutionists, capable of instituting an intelligent inquiry into the meaning of an author; and, having obtained it, that it may be conveyed not only correctly, but with force, beauty, variety and effect, requiring the speaker to impress the exact lineaments of nature upon his sentiments, such indeed, is the imperative demand for the services of elocutionists of every class, that excellence in the art is a sure road to financial remuneration as well as civil and political preferment.



Fig. 2.

The general inaptitude to extemporaneous addresses of

our citizens is conclusive proof that there is a lamentable deficiency somewhere in their early training. That some are gifted beyond others in the matter of oratory cannot be denied, and that the great majority of our people need



Fig. 3.

nothing but proper training in the season of their youth to fit them the better to enter this department of public life, is equally undeniable. The low state of elocution in this country proceeds chiefly from the defective method adopted

in teaching it in our public institutions. Though it is gratifying to know that elocution is beginning to secure a portion of attention, corresponding, in some degree, with its importance, but still it is too much neglected, not only by the community in general, but even by public speakers and teachers of youth.



Fig. 4.

Elocution in our schools should rank in consideration with the more important branches of geography, grammar and arithmetic.



Fig. 5.

The teacher must himself be a good reader, otherwise his scholars cannot become so; he should continually practice the scholars in declamation and drill them in the principles of elocution. It is unreasonable to expect the school-boy to analyze the works of the great and

unrivalled delineators of human character; the true meaning of the authors must be taught him by his instructor,

and his voice trained to fullness and power, and **stately** elegance. If our youth be accustomed from their early scholastic life to address audiences even of their own school companions and acquaintances, much will be accomplished toward preparing them for proficiency in reading and speaking.

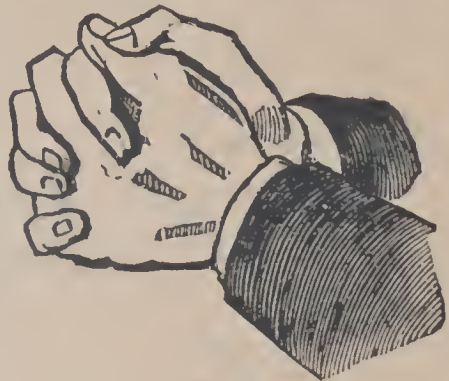


Fig. 6.

The prime qualifications for an orator or reader are a pure and cultivated voice, and a correct and elegant articulation. The different intonations, cadences and inflections of the human voice are to be acquired only by indefatigable study and practical effort, and the most assiduous and strict attention under the guidance and instruction of a teacher, competent and qualified to unfold the various beauties, rendering them and the science with which they are connected, equally beneficial and interesting to the man of business, the student, the statesman and the divine. The remarks of Sheridan in his lectures on the "Art of Reading" are as true of our own country as of England: "I appeal to the experience of mankind, whether in general anything else be taught, but the pronunciation of words, and the observations of the stops; we are taught to deliver our exercises or the words of others with little or no variation of voice, or else with some disagreeable, discordant cant applied to all sentences alike."

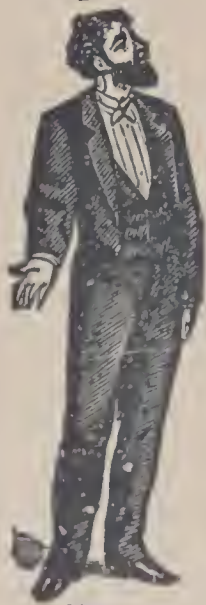


Fig. 7.

Dr. Channing, the literary and philosophical essayist, in a discourse delivered as long ago as 1836, on this subject clearly shows, that elocution is calculated to elevate the **standard of morality**, and moreover, sets forth, most hap-

pily, its superiority over the drama. He says: "A people should be guarded against temptation to unlawful pleasures



Fig. 8.

by furnishing the means to innocent ones. There is an amusement, having an affinity with the drama, which might be usefully introduced among us—I mean elocution. A work of genius, recited by a man of fine taste, enthusiasm and good elocution, is a very pure and high gratification; were this art cultivated and encouraged, great numbers, now insensible to the most beautiful compositions, might be waked up to their excellence and power. It is not easy to conceive of a more effectual way of spreading a refined taste through a com-

munity. The drama undoubtedly appeals more strongly to the passions than recitation, but the latter brings out the meaning of the author more. Shakespeare well recited, would be better understood than on the stage. Then in recitation, we escape the weariness of listening to poor performers, who, after all, fill up most of the time at the theater. Recitation, sufficiently varied, so as to include pieces of chaste wit, as well as of pathos, beauty and sublimity, is adapted to our present intellectual progress, as much as the drama falls below it."

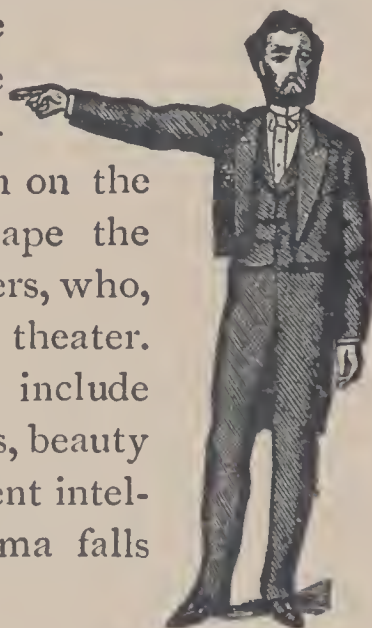


Fig. 9.

Elocution, it must be borne in mind, includes reading and conversation, as well as public speaking, and is a matter of nearly as much interest to ladies as to gentlemen, as the greater portion of the time of ladies is employed in conversation and reading; to be able to read and converse well is therefore a very desirable attainment,

The following extract from Mrs. Sigourney's excellent "Letters to Young Ladies," is commended to their perusal: "Reading aloud, with propriety and grace, is an accomplishment worthy of the acquisition of females. To enter



Fig. 10.—GRIEF.

into the spirit of the author, and convey his sentiments with a happy adaptation of tone, emphasis and manner, is no common attainment. It is peculiarly valuable in our sex, because it so often gives them an opportunity of imparting pleasure and improvement to an assembled family, during the winter evening, or the protracted storm. In the zeal for female accomplishments it would seem that the graces of elocution had been too little regarded. Permit me to fortify my opinion by the authority of Rev. Mr. Galludet: 'I cannot understand why it should be thought, as it sometimes is, a departure from female delicacy, to read in a promiscuous social circle, if called upon to do so, from any peculiar circumstance, and to read, too, as well as Garrick himself. If the young lady possesses the power of doing it, why may she not do this, with as much genuine modesty and with as much of a desire to oblige her friends and with as little of ostentation, as to sit down in the same circle, to the piano, and play and sing in the style of the first masters? If to do the former is making too much of a display of her talents, why should not the latter be so? Nothing but some strange freak of fashion, can have made a difference; fine reading is an accomplishment where the inherent music, both of the voice and intellect, may be uttered, for

the scope and compass of each is often fully taxed and happily developed, in the interpretation of delicate shades of meaning and gradations of thought.'” The beneficial effects

of vocal gymnastics, judiciously conducted, upon health, are not yet fully appreciated. The following on this subject from the pen of Dr. Combe, is worthy of attention:



“Reading aloud and recitation are more useful and invigorating muscular exercises, than is generally imagined. In forming and undulating the voice, the chest and the diaphragm are in constant action, and communicate to the stomach a healthy and agreeable stimulus; and, consequently, where the voice is raised and elocution rapid, as in many kinds of public speaking, the muscular effort is more fatiguing than the mental, especially to those who are unaccustomed to it.

“When care is taken, however, not to carry reading aloud or reciting so far at one time, as to excite the least sensation of soreness or fatigue in the chest, and it is duly repeated, it is extremely useful in developing and giving tone to the organs of respiration, and to the general system. As exercises in reading aloud, public speaking, and lecturing, require some exertion, they ought to be indulged in with prudence, and constant reference to the constitution and health of the individual. When early resorted to, and steadily persevered in, they are instrumental in warding off disease, and communicating strength to an important function.”

The editor of the *Journal of Health*, speaking of "the voice," says:

"The preservation of the voice, and the means of improving its tone and compass, are subjects of no little interest. Even though it be exerted only in ordinary conversation, in reading aloud, or in singing, a full, clear, and pleasing voice, must be considered as no mean accomplishment. The first and most important rule for the preservation of the voice, supported equally by ancient authorities and modern experience, is, that the public speaker should, if he 'strive for the mastery,' be habitually temperate in all things, moderate in the indulgence of the table, and not given to any personal excess.

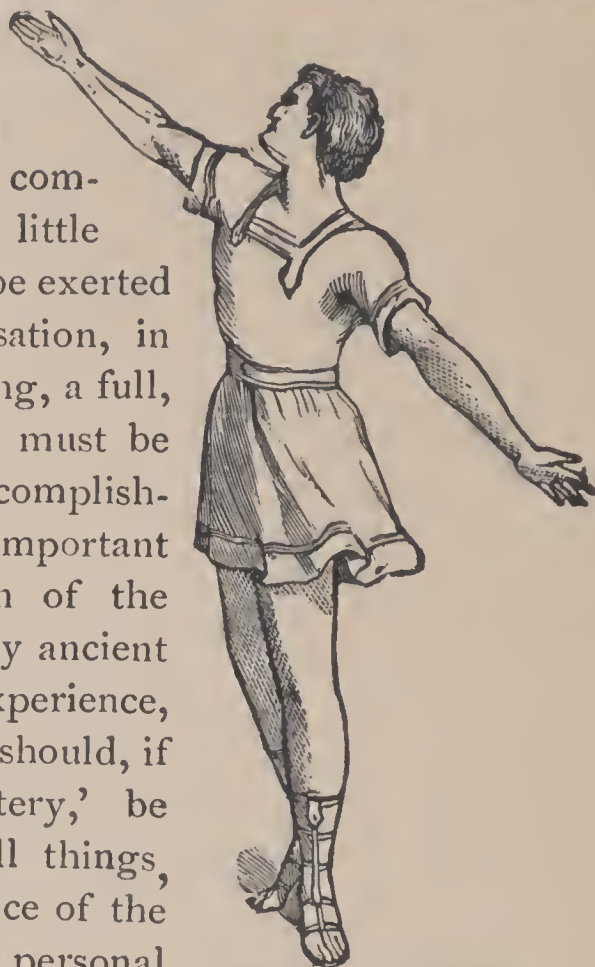


Fig. 12.—INVOCATION.

"The voice should not be exerted after a full meal. It should never be urged beyond its strength, nor strained to its utmost pitch, without intermission. Frequent change of pitch is the best preservative. The voice, when hoarse, should not be exerted, if it can possibly be avoided.

"To speak well with anything in the mouth, is scarcely possible. Few things are so injurious to the voice as tobacco. By the use of it, the voice becomes dry, and is rendered harsh and broken. The voice, as well as the health of a speaker, suffers materially, unless the chest is allowed to expand freely. Hence, all compression or restraint should be carefully removed from this portion of

the body; for the same reason, an erect position should be assumed, as well in speaking and reading aloud, as in singing."

The following suggestions or outline of the requisites necessary for the production of a good reader or speaker, may be opportune. A knowledge of the right use of the breathing apparatus, together with the proper manner of disciplining and using the voice, is the first subject the student should notice.

**BREATHING.**—In breathing stand in a perfectly erect but easy posture, with the weight of the body resting on one foot, the feet at the proper angle and distance from each other (see Figs. 1 and 2). In *effusive* breathing draw in slowly a full breath and emit it very slowly in a prolonged sound of the breathing *h* or *ah* in a whisper. In *expulsive* breathing draw in somewhat quicker than the preceding, a full breath, and send it forth with a lively, explosive force, the sound of the *h* but little prolonged. In *explosive* breathing draw in a full breath faster than in *expulsive*, and emit very quickly in the brief sound of the *h*.

**WHISPERING.**—Those who are accustomed to articulate poorly should practice whispering—for in whispering a poor articulation cannot be understood—let the student follow the instructions given in preceding paragraph. In

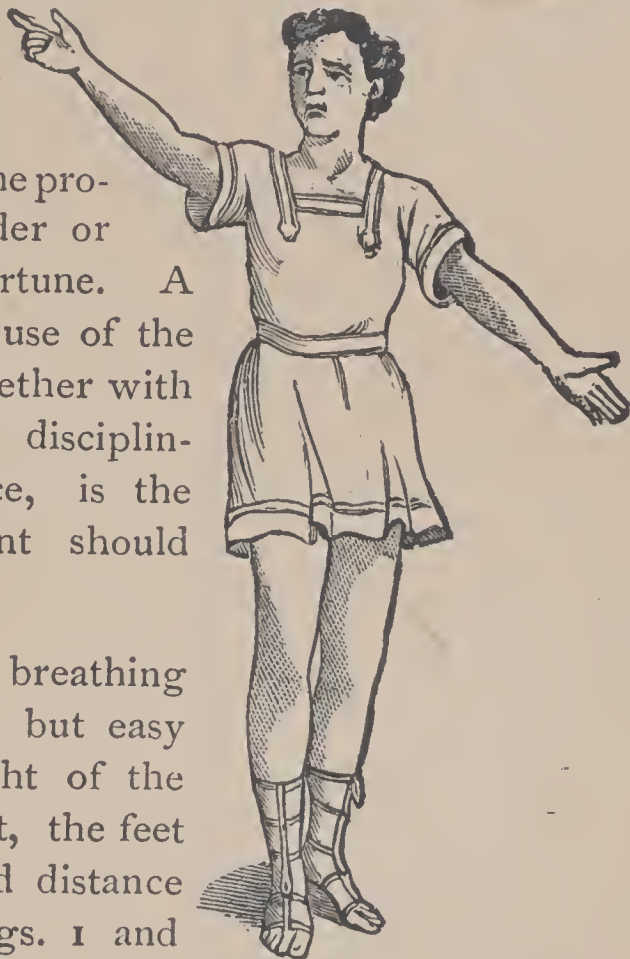


Fig. 13.—PATRIOTISM.

*effusive* whispering let the breath pass from the mouth gently, so that it could be understood ten feet distant. In the *expulsive* emit with more force, so as to be understood twenty feet distant. In the *explosive* send forth the breath in as abrupt and explosive a manner as possible.



Fig. 14.—CAUTION.

QUALITIES OF VOICE.—The qualities of voice generally used in elocution and which should receive the highest degree of culture, are the *Pure Tone*, the *Orotund*, the *Tremor*, the *Aspirated*, the *Guttural*, the *Falsetto* and the *Whisper*. The *Pure Tone* is a clear, smooth, sonorous flow of sound, used to express *joy*, *love* and *tranquility*. The *Orotund Tone* is a full, deep, round, pure tone of a voice; although sometimes natural, it is more frequently acquired—it is a most pleasing and musical sound. It

enables the speaker to enunciate distinctly; it is the most powerful tone, readily modulated and easy to expand or diminish, used especially to express *sublime*, *impassioned* and *pathetic* emotions. The *Aspirated Tone* is mostly used in suppressed passion or whispering, as used to express *fear*, *anger*, *terror*, *revenge* and *remorse*. The *Guttural Tone*. This tone is uttered from the throat, as its name imports. It should be employed very seldom and only to convey an expression of *scorn*, *aversion*, *hatred* and *contempt*. The *Falsetto Tone* is sometimes called a “head voice.” It is used to simulate whinings of peevishness, or the scream of baffled rage, or abject, hopeless terror. It may be cultivated

and attained by practice. The *Tremor Tone*. This tone is rarely used, but is easily acquired by practice; as indicated by its title it has the qualities which distinguish laughter or crying. The *Whisper*. The word illustrates itself. It is, if used carefully, eminently successful. Several of America's tragedians have used it with more effect than the loudest exclamations in many deep tragic passages.

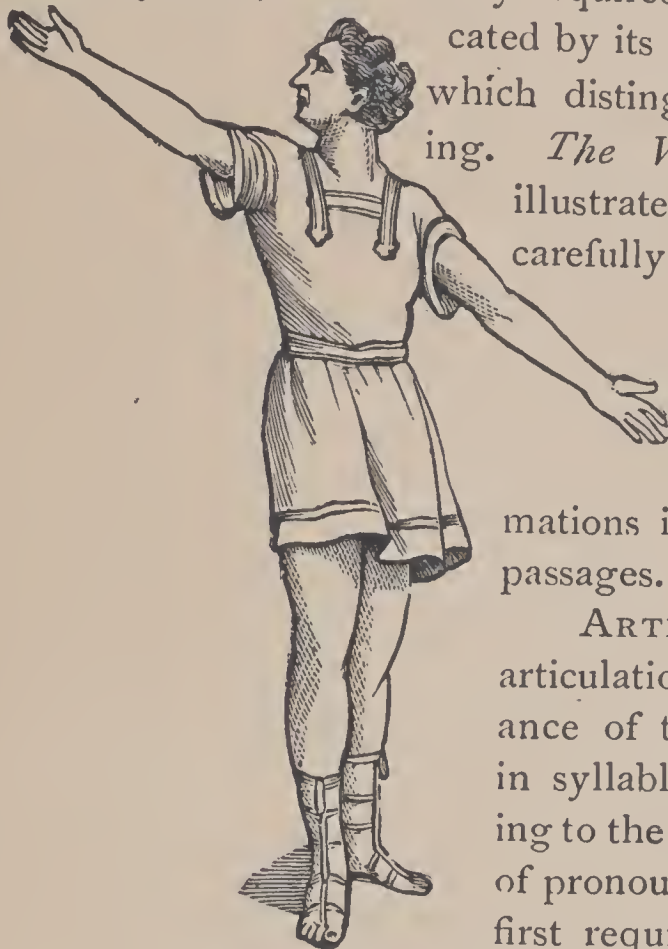


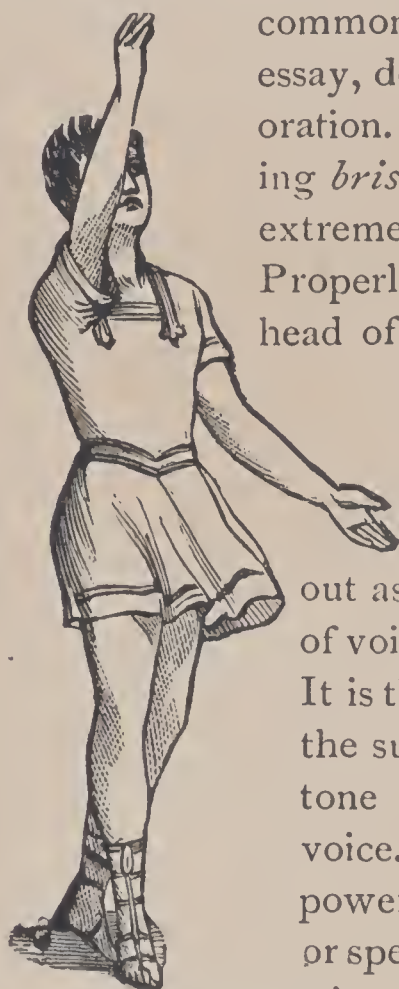
Fig. 15.—COURAGE.

ARTICULATION. — Correct articulation is the distinct utterance of the elementary sounds in syllables and words, according to the most approved custom of pronouncing them, and is the first requisite in good reading and speaking. A clear and ele-

gant enunciation may be acquired by continued practice and indefatigable study. The student should remember that good articulation very much depends upon opening the mouth sufficiently, so that nothing can impede a round, full tone of voice.

MODULATION is the giving to each tone of voice its appropriate character and expression. It includes the consideration of Pitch or Key variation. Force and rate—the voice is defined as capable of assuming three keys for convenience and practice—commonly divided into Low, Middle and High key. The *Low Key* is generally used in expressing awe, amazement, horror, despair, deep solem-

*nity, melancholy, and deep grief.* The *Middle Key*, sometimes called the conversational key, should be used in



common conversation—in the delivery of an essay, doctrinal sermon, a plain or practical oration. The *High Key* is used in expressing *brisk, gay, and joyous* emotions, also the extremes of *pain* and *fear*. The *Monotone*. Properly speaking does not come under the head of Pitch, yet will be better understood

if treated here. The *Monotone* is the opposite of Modulation. It is speaking without change of tone—preserving a fullness of tone without ascent or descent; it requires a full tone of voice with slow and prolonged utterance. It is the only tone that can properly present the supernatural and ghostly, also the best tone to practice in the cultivation of the voice. Imitative modulation is used with powerful effect in the hands of a good reader, or speaker. It marks the reader's appreciation of the sense and beauty of a passage.

Fig. 16.—HATE.

In descriptive reading, motion and sound, in all their modifications, are more or less imitated. VARIATIONS are the different movements of the voice, or variations from the key in the delivery of a sentence. There are the Sweeps, the Bend, the Slides and the Closes. The Sweeps are divided into the Upper, Lower and Accentual. The movement of the voice upward from the key to the word emphasized, and coming down upon the word with increased force, is carried below the key and back to it, will represent the Upper and Lower Sweeps—the Accentual takes the same movement, though very much diminished in extent

and is generally developed upon one syllable or word. The *Bend* is a slight turn of the voice upward at a pause of imperfect sense; it gives life and animation to the subject. The SLIDES are divided into the Rising, Falling, the Waving and the Circumflex Slide. The Rising Slide is the gradual rise of the voice upward through a series of tones, ceasing at the highest. The Falling is the reverse of the Rising—ceasing at the lowest. The Waving has the movements of the Sweeps. The Double or Circumflex Slide is used where the disjunctive conjunction *or* is used; the voice takes the movement of the Rising Slide to *or* and the Falling Slide from it to the close. The CLOSES are divided into the *Partial* ( / ) and the *Perfect* ( \ ). The *Partial* is the fall of the voice at the end of one of the parts of a sentence to the key, or to a point near the key

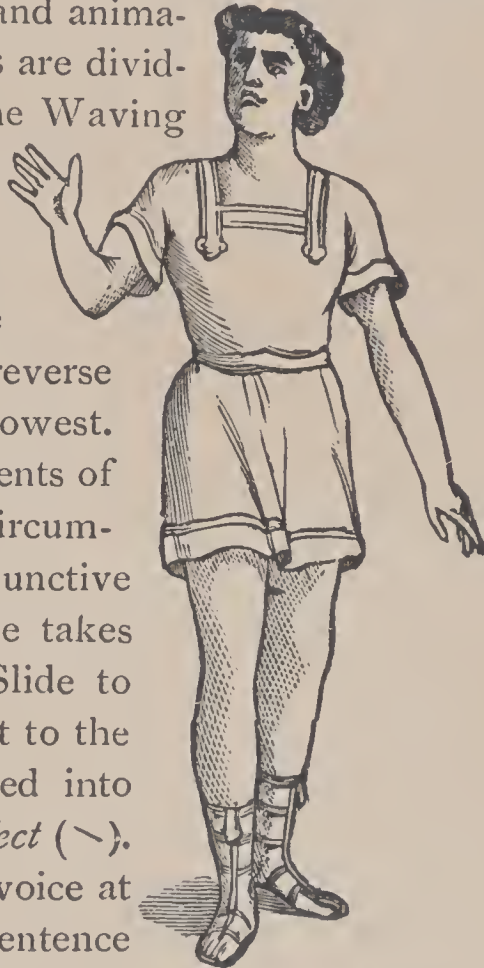


Fig. 17.—ADORATION.

preparatory to the perfect close. The *Perfect Close* is a fall of the voice at the end of a sentence to a point generally below the key. FORCE or emphasis is a particular stress or force of voice given to one or more important words in a sentence; as a general rule, force is placed upon the word, or words, which, *more than others*, express the idea to be conveyed.

STRESS, according to Dr. Rush, is but the rendering of *Force* perceptible or impressive in *single sounds*. There are properly three kinds—the Radical, the Median, and the Increasing. The *Radical* is generally explosive,  
YFP 8.

and falls on the first part of a sound. The *Median* is also generally explosive, and swells out toward the middle of a sound, and vanishes toward the close. The *Increasing*, effusive at first, increases till the last moment of the sound, and ends with the explosive. RATE must necessarily vary with the nature of the thought—the tendency of American speakers is to undue rapidity. *Slow rate* should generally be practiced, because the speaker or reader has the air of self-possession, can enunciate distinctly, and has in reserve the power to increase the rate where the nature of the sentence may demand it.

STYLE.—The student should never attempt to deliver any selection until he first ascertains to what style it belongs. If it be—

1. *Argumentative*, he must deliver it as if debating, therefore earnest;
2. *Descriptive*, he must deliver it as if actually describing some scene;

3. *Persuasive*, he must use those looks, tones, and gestures appropriately used in persuasion.

PASSION.—The student should always have his mind so wrought up to the proper pitch in which the Passion should be rendered, that he may with ease be able to deliver it correctly. Great actors, before appearing in the character they are to personify, through force of will work their minds up to the degree of passion required, and thus appear perfectly lifelike.

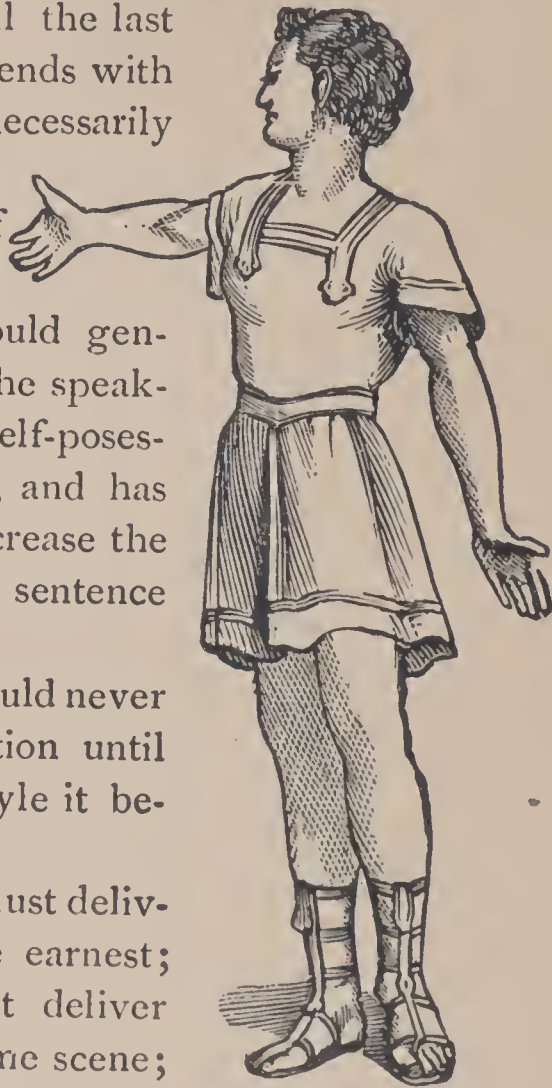


Fig. 18.—CURSING.

Elocutionists, also, in exhibiting some vehement passion to a class, have brought their mind up to such a pitch of frenzy as to be several hours in overcoming its effects. Students should always, before attempting to express one of the passions, carefully examine in what Tone, Key, Force, and Rate it should be delivered.

Finding these, adapt the voice and expression to it, and then deliver it.

**GESTURE.**—Oratory without proper gesture loses half its charm. The ancient Greeks and Romans attached great importance to gesture. Their rhetoricians taught their pupils as well graceful gestures, as how to manage their voices. He who gestures spontaneously, conforms to his subject, and who in other respects, is truly eloquent, can, in the most effectual manner, make himself a master of other men's minds. Such an orator has power "to stir a fever



Fig. 19.—RESOLUTION.

in the blood of age, and make an infant's sinews strong as steel." Gesture should be used only when it will aid in expressing more forcibly, and to be appropriate and impressive, must always be natural; excess in gestures is to be avoided as well as awkward ones. The following rules have been given by one who has given much thought to this subject and will be found of great value to the student, taken in connection with the illustrations contained in this article.

I. "The gesture, employed most frequently, is the movement used in handing a book or other article to a friend, and the delivery of an oration is simply the presentation of ideas to an audience.



"POSITION OF THE HAND.—The hand open, the first finger straight, the other slightly curved, and generally the palms of the hands open toward the audience, so that they may be seen by the audience.

"2. The *Argumentative* gesture may, and should be, used most frequently in debate and argumentative declamation.

"POSITION OF THE HANDS.—First finger straight, the others closed, or nearly so.

"This gesture is very useful in earnest debate, as it was often remarked of Clay that the argument seemed to drop from the ends of his fingers. These gestures are of great value in any discourse.

"3. The *Fist*, sometimes called the 'sledge-hammer' gesture, should be used in the expression of the most earnest, powerful, *moving* sentiments, where strong arguments are to be brought out with telling effect. This gesture was a favorite one with Daniel Webster; and in those memorable debates with Hayne in the United States Senate, he is said to have riveted his arguments with the force of a giant when at every appropriate place he brought down his 'sledge-hammer' gesture.

"Save in debate and argumentative orations, gesture

should seldom be used, except when referring to some object in nature.

I. "When referring to the earth covered with snow, to withering famine, to desolation in whatever respect, or when referring to death or hell, always have the *palm* of the hand *downward*, and the arm raised but slightly from the body.

II. "When referring to the earth robed in green, to the trees and flowers in bloom, to life or to abundance, always have the *palm* of the hand *upward*, and often raised as high as the head.

"In all cases be careful to complete the gesture where it is intended at the instant of uttering the syllable or word; for if it comes in before or lags behind the word, it will certainly detract from the effect."

POSITION OF THE BODY.—A speaker should not stand perfectly erect, only when he is expressing courage, fortitude, firmness of purpose, etc. The posture of the body should be a little inclined to the audience, yet *nearly* in an erect position, that the chest may be fully expanded and an easy play given to the organs of respiration and utterance.

THE WEIGHT OF THE BODY.—Grace and dignity depend much on the position of the feet and lower limbs.

The weight of the body should be thrown upon one

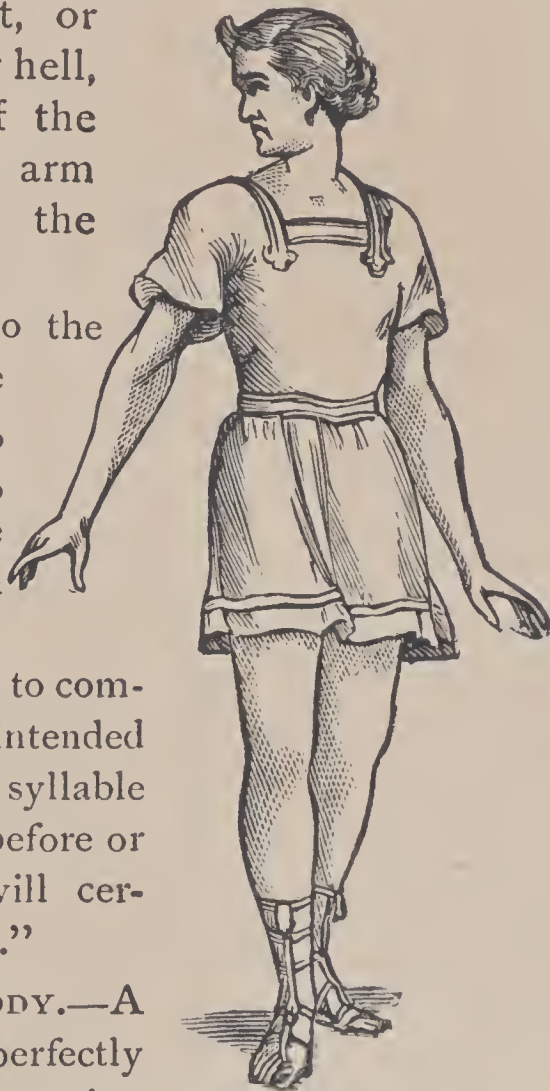


Fig. 21.—REGRET.

foot, the other being left to preserve the balance and move freely, or the weight of the body changed to rest upon it. The foot supporting the weight of the body, is firmly planted. The feet at nearly right angles—so that lines passing lengthwise through them shall cross under the heel of the foot least advanced

—(see Fig. 1.) A little practice will enable the learner without effort or affectation to assume this position easily as he gives utterance to his words. In advancing or retiring the speaker must make the change with the free foot, and by a step of moderate length.

. POSITION OF THE HEAD.—The head should be in an erect, natural position, not stiff, as this in delivery contributes to the expression. The body should be upright with the face and breast turned toward the audience, the shoulders square, and not shrugged up. The learner should avoid inclining to one side, as it expresses languor, if dropped, humility; when turned upward, pride; when stiff, a lack of ease and self-possession.



Fig. 22.—DISDAIN.

THE COUNTENANCE.—As the eye is the light of the body, so in delivery they are the life of the expression, and none will deny that the eye speaks more truly than the tongue—this may also be affirmed of the countenance in general. The forehead denotes calmness or trouble, the lowering brow indignation, the tell-tale cheek shame or fear, and the expressive lip, scorn. One well versed in

the expression of the face says: "When any passion is called into action, such passion is depicted by the motion of the muscles, and these motions are accompanied by a strong palpitation of the heart. If the countenance be tranquil, it always denotes tranquility in the region of the breast and of the heart." Again, "Hence it appears that the orator who would move others must appear to be moved himself; that is, he must express his emotions in his countenance and by his manner, otherwise his language will be contradicted by his looks, and his audience will be more inclined to believe them, which are the natural and sure indications of the inward mind, than his words, which may easily be feigned, and may differ much from his real sentiments."



Fig. 23.—APPEAL. The speaker should avoid the following faults: Staring or fixing the eye upon vacancy, or upon an individual; or foolishly turning them down; weeping—unless upon occasions worthy of tears. Frowning, smiling, unmeaningly pushing out, or biting the lips.

THE HANDS, FINGERS AND ARMS must not be overlooked, as they play an important part in Gesture; grief is denoted by placing the hands over the eyes. Truth or emotion is expressed by placing the hand on the breast. Reflection is shown by putting the finger on the chin. Silence by placing the forefinger on the lips. These gestures should be used sparingly and appropriately. Cleav.

ing the air with the hand or forming it into a scoop, nervous twitching of the fingers or crossing them, clasping the hands or placing the palm of one on that of the other, are serious faults that should be avoided; every motion of the arm should be made gracefully, every movement should seem to come from the shoulder; the elbow should not originate such movement.

HAMLET'S ADVICE TO THE PLAYERS contains in a nutshell all the golden rules of oratory. It cannot be too often read or too deeply pondered over. Every student should analyze this epitome of instruction and be delighted to notice that the great artist has prepared in a single page a concise summary of invaluable information. It is a good piece for recitation. Hamlet says:

"Speak the speech, I pray you, as I *pronounced* it to you; trippingly on the tongue; but if you *mouth* it, as *many* of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spake my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand *thus*, but use all *gently*; for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say), *whirlwind* of your passion, you must acquire and beget a *temperance*, that may give it *smoothness*. O, it offends me to the *soul*, to hear a robustious, periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very *rags*, to split the ears of the groundlings; who, for the *most* part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows and noise. I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-Herods Herod. Pray you, *avoid* it. Be not too tame, neither, but let your own discretion be your *tutor*. Suit the action to the *word*; the word to the *action*; with this special *observance*: That you *o'erstep* not the modesty of *nature*; for anything so over-*done* is far from the purpose of *playing*; whose end, both at the first and now, was, and is, to hold, as t'were, the mirror up to

*nature*; to show virtue her own *feature*; scorn her own *image*; and the very age and *body* of the time his form and *pressure*. Now this, overdone or come tardy off, though it make the unskillful *laugh*, cannot but make the *judicious grieve*; the censure of which *one*, must, in your allowance, o'erweigh a whole theater of *others*. O, there be players, that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that *highly* (not to speak it *profanely*), that, neither having the accent of *Christian*, nor the gift of *Christian*, pagan, or *man*, have so strutted and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's *journeymen* had made men and not made them *well*; they imitated humanity so *abominably*."

## EXPLANATIONS OF ILLUSTRATIONS.

Fig. 1.—POSITION.—Right foot advanced, the left supporting the body. The principal weight of the body rests upon the foot that is deeply shaded. See Fig. 7.

Fig. 2.—POSITION.—The change from the first to the second position is made by stepping forward with the right foot; throwing the principal weight upon it, only that part of the left, which is shaded, resting upon the floor. This position is assumed in Earnest Appeal, Bold Assertion, and Impassioned Speech.

Fig. 3.—RIGHT HAND SUPINE.—The hand should be well opened; when partly closed the gesture is weakened.

Fig. 4.—THE INDEX FINGER.—Employed in Indication, Precision, etc.

Fig. 5.—CLENCHED HAND.—Used in Extreme Emphasis, Vehement Declaration, Desperate Resolve.

Fig. 6.—HAND CLASPED.—Appropriate in Supplication and Earnest Entreaty.

Fig. 7.—This gesture is employed in Emphatic, particular assertion.

Fig. 8.—This gesture is used in Concession, Submission and Humility.

Fig. 9.—This gesture is used in **Specific Reference**, **Emphatic Designation**; the hand inverted is used in **Reproach**, **Scorn**, **Contempt**, etc.

Fig. 10.—**GRIEF**.—The right foot slightly advanced; the left arm dropped close to the side; right arm advanced a little to the front, both hands open, the palm of the right hand the palm downward; the head leaning forward; the eye directed downward, with lids drooping.

Fig. 11.—**DISLIKE**.—The right foot slightly advanced; the left knee slightly bent; the right arm almost falling straight, but a little advanced to the center of the figure; the left hand extends from the side; the hands open, the palms downward; the head a little drooped forward; the face turned toward the right shoulder.

Fig. 12.—**INVOCATION**.—Heels well together; form erect; arms fully extended; the right hand to a level with the face; the left arm so that the hand is below the waist; the head turned sideways as though admiring the elevated objects looked at.

Fig. 13.—**PATRIOTISM**.—The right foot a slight space in advance; the form elevated to full height; the right arm extended, the hand just raised to a level with the eyes; the left arm extended, so that the wrist is on a level with the waist; the hand open, the palm horizontal with the body.

Fig. 14.—**CAUTION**.—The right foot about an inch in advance; the legs close together; the form at ease; the right arm bent so that the back of the open fingers touches the lips; the left arm at the side, but slightly extended, partly forward, partly sideways; the hand open, the palm downward.

Fig. 15.—**COURAGE**.—The left foot a little in advance; the figure somewhat thrown back, so that the breast is well advanced; the arms fully extended; hands open; the right hand on a level with forehead; the left on a level with lower part of thigh; the right palm partly turned upward, the left partly down.

Fig. 16.—**HATE**.—The right foot advanced, so that its heel just precedes the left foot; the body slightly bent back; the face turned to the sky, the gaze directed upward, with a fierce expression; the eyes full of baleful light; the

right arm held straight up; the fingers very little curved; the left arm extended from the person; the hand open, palm up.

Fig. 17.—ADORATION.—The right foot moderately advanced; the attitude gracefully easy; the right arm bent at the elbow, the thumb being on a level with the shoulder; the hand open, the palm outward; the left arm hanging down perpendicular with, and a short distance from, the side; the hand nearly open, the palm down; the head slightly thrown back; the eyes upturned.

Fig. 18.—CURSING.—The feet slightly separated, the right foot very little in advance; the right arm extended straight from the body, in the direction of the thing or person addressed; the hand almost open, fingers slightly contracted; the left arm stiffly at the side, some distance from the person, palm of open hand to the front; shoulders well back; head erect; lips wearing a fierce expression; eyes glancing malignantly.

Fig. 19.—RESOLUTION.—The heels well together; the form straight; the left arm nearly perpendicular with the body, and about nine inches from it; the right arm, as far as the elbow, close to the body, from the elbow rather extended out; the palms of both hands turned down; the head held firmly, but not boastingly erect.

Fig. 20.—ADMIRATION.—The right foot very slightly advanced; the left knee bent a little so as to bring the figure into an easy, agreeable posture; the form quite erect; the shoulders well back; the right arm stretched out on a level with the breast; the hand open, and the index finger pointed at the object spoken of (or to); the left arm close to the hip, but from the hip slightly extended from the body; the hand expanded and palm down.

Fig. 21.—REGRET.—The right foot forward; the legs well together; the right arm nearly perpendicular with the body; the hand about one foot from the thigh; nearly open; the left arm close to the body to the elbow; the head turned a little backward, over the right shoulder, and very slightly inclined forward; the eyes gazing on the distance.

Fig. 22.—DISDAIN.—The weight of the body resting on the right foot, the left foot merely touching the toe to

the ground; the right arm extended at full length, straight from the shoulder; the hand open, palm down; the left arm a little from the side; the hand extended, the palm down; the body proudly erect; the face turned to the right; the eyes following the pointing of the extended right hand.

Fig. 23.—APPEAL.—Right foot a little in advance; left knee very slightly bent; shoulders thrown back somewhat; face a little upturned; eyes lifted heavenward; right arm extended; hand open, and a little above the level of the forehead; left arm extended almost horizontally, so as to bring the wrist just below the belt; the hand open, palm upward.

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